



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 17, No. 40

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—25 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUG. 13, 1904.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. }

Whole No. 872

Things in General

THE morning papers look with unexpected disgust on the suggestion that some law should be passed assisting the police to get young children off the street by eight or nine o'clock at night. The "Globe" thinks the idea involves too much police paternalism, and if the officers are to assist in bringing up the children that they ought to take charge of the parents as well. As a matter of fact, the police do take charge of the parents when they find them out late at night without any apparent business. As I understand it, the proposed law would merely entitle the police to decide when it is too late for a youngster to be loitering about the lanes, alley ways and streets—the age and the place of loitering of course to be taken into consideration as well as the lateness of the hour. The police take the same cognizance of adults, for policemen are the guardians of the streets and are apt to view with suspicion any group of half-grown or grown people fooling about in an improper locality. The only difference that the proposed law might involve would be that nine o'clock would be considered a late hour for children, while midnight is now considered too late for adults in some localities and circumstances. The penalty of a child being found without an explanation on the streets late at night should amount to nothing the first few offences but the return of the wanderer to its parents, who should be admonished that future offences would be more harshly dealt with.

The smug talk about home being made happy and attractive in order to justify the children being forced to keep off the streets, is most of it twaddle. Nothing is sweeter or more beautiful than a happy home, but it cannot be made compulsory. If the home is not attractive the child should go to bed, for no matter how bad the home and the bed may be, they are apt to be better for the youngster than the pavements. If not, the child should be taken from its parents and sent for adoption into some respectable family. I believe the Children's Aid Society was constituted for this purpose. Nobody, except perhaps some missionary societies, propose invading the home, nor does any one suggest destroying the sanctity of domestic life in an attempt to keep children off the streets. If the home is unhappy and the wife takes to the pavements the policeman look after her; or if the husband, driven by scolding or viciousness, goes on a drunk, he is taken to the police station. If the children are unhappy and take to the sidewalks or playing in lanes and learning vicious habits, the policeman should take them back where they belong, and it would not be difficult for him to take such cognizance of the surroundings as would enable him to report whether or not the children should be sent to the Shelter. Of course home should be happy. A man once hung up on his wall the motto, "Make home happy if you have to do it with a club." A club is a poor thing to make a happy home. Policemen may be a poor institution to bring up good children, but prevention is easier than cure, and it is supposed to be an axiom of civilization that children must not be left in vicious homes or permitted to grow up with vicious surroundings. It is a difficult problem, but it does not lie with those who advocate teaching religion to children in the Public Schools when it should be done by parents or in Sunday classes, to grow horrified and throw a fit when the proxy business is carried a little further to protect the State from the public highways being turned into criminal factories. Of course someone will at once say if religion were taught in day schools this would be unnecessary. Statistics prove the contrary in this country and every other. There is more religion in Roman Catholic schools than any others, and there are more Roman Catholics in our prisons and reformatories than is justified by their share of the population.

THE reception of Private Perry on Tuesday night was in every sense overwhelming. The crowd, variously estimated at from fifty to a hundred and fifty thousand, overwhelmed everything, not excepting the platform and police. It enthused and was overwhelmed by its own enthusiasm, and again demonstrated that if Toronto knows anything it is how to demonstrate. Coming so soon after the Scholes reception it has left all the newspapers a little short of moralizing suitable for this sort of thing, but it is evident that there is nobody left in this city who has not received a valuable object lesson in how to become the lion of the hour. Decide on what you can do best and stick to it till you can do it better than anybody else on earth. Demonstrate this fact and this city is yours, and everybody in it will go without meals and sleep till they get a sight of you, holler themselves hoarse, and go home. Such an ovation cannot come to very many, and it is liable not to come often, but the memory of being the center figure in one such pageant is enough to last for a lifetime and to make your children and your children's children proud of being descended from the man who did something one year better than anybody else in the world. No man could fake or talk or argue the city into giving him such a reception; to get it a man has to do something, and this fact in itself is about a thousand times larger than the majority of people can grasp. The arrangements on the University lawn were so obviously inadequate that a gentleman dropped into my office on Tuesday afternoon to leave on record his prediction that exactly what did happen would happen. If the arrangements were made by military men it is to be hoped they are not typical of the campaigns or fortresses which would be organized to celebrate the doing of something exceedingly well should have been marred by the doing of something very poorly. However, as one newspaper has remarked, it was a labor of love, everybody went well—those who made the plans and built the platform, and those who unmade the plans and upset the platform. So here's to Perry and to ourselves.

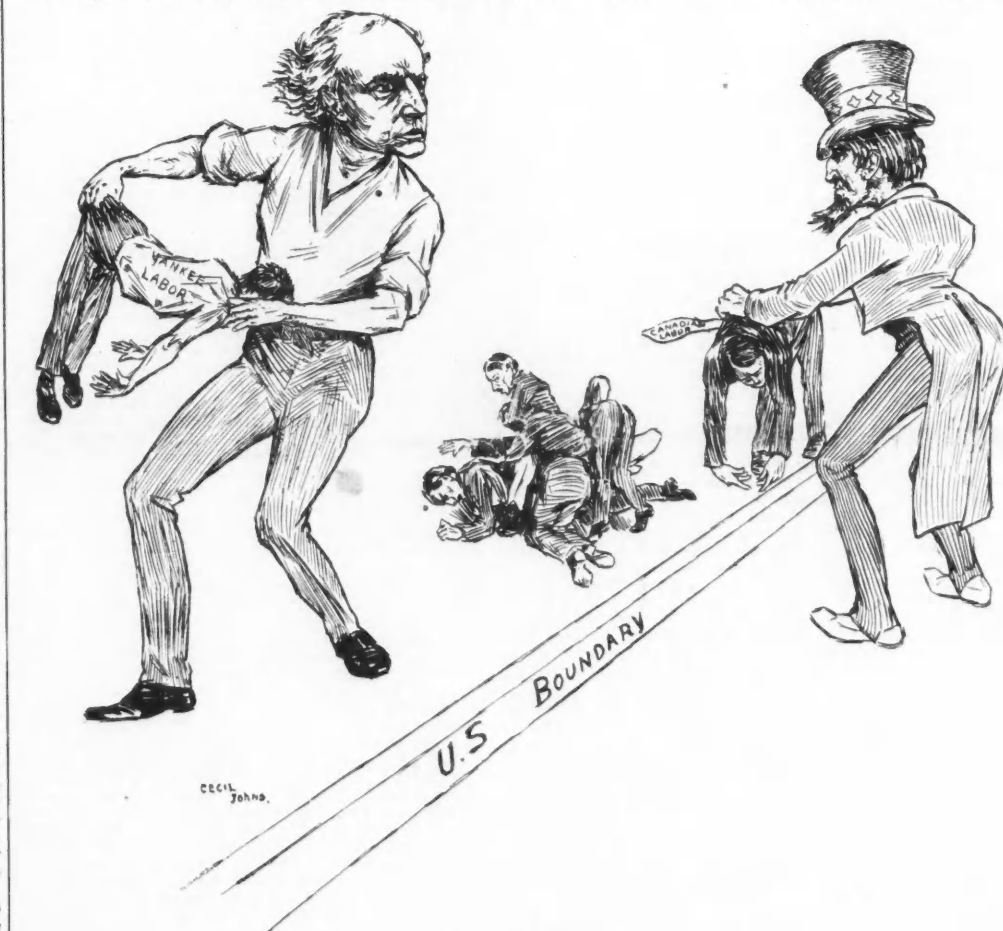
THE Board of Trade's attempt to investigate the management of the fire brigade at the Eby-Blain blaze fizzled out for lack of evidence. The men who were so willing to criticize an egg the president of the Board to make a kick, hurriedly crept under the barn when they ought to have been making their allegations good. It is a sneaking thing to backbite either a body of men or an individual and then refuse to "say it again to his face." The Fire and Light Committee, however, is premature in considering the thing settled and voting confidence in the brigade. The public has not voted confidence in the Committee, and while it may feel confidence in the brigade has not so expressed itself. As I said last week, the business men who are paying enormous fire insurance are unlikely to permit the Fire Committee to wear such a high collar that the insurance companies will be given an excuse to increase or even maintain their present rates.

"A W.C.T.U. SYMPATHIZER" writes to an evening paper protesting against an article of mine in last week's issue of "Saturday Night" in which I commented somewhat unsympathetically on the conduct of the ladies of the W.C.T.U. in entering on a campaign that has as its object the passing by the Dominion House of a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of cigarettes. What I objected to chiefly was not, as the writer of the letter evidently believes, the opposition of ladies to the practice of cigarette-smoking by boys; it was the strong taste that the W.C.T.U. are developing for practical politics with impracticable legislation as their professed goal which caused me to employ the "airy touch" in my references to the matter—the "touch" which filled "A W.C.T.U. Sympathizer" with "indignant amazement." If the ladies would confine their efforts in the field of politics to securing legislation of a practical nature to control youthful indulgences, instead of trying to make the cry of "Save the boys" the excuse for a law which would be an absurd interference with the rights of grown men, they would hear very little criticism of their work. As I have frequently said before, I do not approve of the smoking

of cigarettes or anything else by boys. I don't believe it can be good for them and I am very sure it is disgusting to see, but I don't regard it as nearly so serious a thing as the passing of a meddlesome and oppressive law. One law of this kind leads to another, and it is not by having a number of such acts on our statutes that our reputation for personal liberty can be retained.

The writer of the letter referred to has, I believe, altogether too painful an idea of the question under discussion. Smoking by children is reprehensible, a good many of us believe it to be injurious, but it is very far from being proved of sufficient importance to warrant the compulsory abstinence of such smoking by adults that the habit in boys may be stamped out. When "A Sympathizer" says, "When a woman sees her boys stunted in stature and intellect, not to speak of worse attendant evils, by the use of these cigarettes, it wakens 'the tigress in her,' she causes one to wonder where she observed these physical and mental deformities for which cigarettes are blamed. I confess I have not seen any records of such cases outside the pages of the yellowest of yellow journals. Such cases may really exist, but I also believe it to be a fact that numbers of children are poisoned every year through getting hold of some deadly drug and swallowing it—yet no one ever hears of an agitation for the enactment of a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of these drugs, some of them quite as unnecessary as tobacco. The only way to avoid tragedies of this kind is to keep the stuff out of the child's way. If boys are to be stopped smoking, the passing of a strict law against the sale of tobacco to them and the exercise of proper authority by the parents will prove quite effective. In securing such a law and in encouraging the exercise of such parental authority the W.C.T.U. or any other society will have the hearty support and co-operation of every sensible citizen. In persisting in their efforts to force a meddlesome and oppressive measure upon foolish and sane alike they must expect criticism and opposition.

THE bill amending the Inland Revenue Act in such a way as to cripple the operations of the Empire Tobacco Trust, contrary to expectations, passed both the House and the Senate. Of course there were many to cry out that "vested rights" were being attacked, but it was obvious that



the Trust had itself played such havoc with "vested rights" that it shamed the majority of the corporation M.P.'s into silence. One can only hope that it is true, as some of these parliamentary representatives of corporations alleged, that the bill empowers the Government to withdraw licenses from every manufacturer of, or dealer in, articles which come within the scope of the Inland Revenue Act, and that it can be applied not to brewery-tied public-houses—pity it cannot hit corporation-tied newspapers! It looks almost as if Parliament were beginning to think that there can be no vested right to do wrong, and that it is construing "wrong" as anything hampering legitimate trade and commerce.

AUSTRALIAN legislation for some time has excited the world's attention. Conventionalities are ignored to such an extent that zealous Imperialists have expressed the belief that the labor unions are disloyal and that the island is making preparations "to cut the painter." As to whether these suspicions are well founded it is hard to judge at long range, but the resentment expressed by Colonial Secretary Lyttelton because of the imposition by Australia of 3d. per pound on all magazines carrying more than 15 per cent. of advertising matter is unequalled for. Even though this measure has been taken, not for the protection of the Australian reader but on behalf of the Australian manufacturer, with the object of excluding the advertisements of foreign goods, it seems to me defensible and in no way means the necessary "severance of many bonds of sympathy and common interest, as some of the best British magazines will be practically excluded from Australia," as the cable states. Among the publications enumerated are the "Contemporary Review," the "Fortnightly," the "British Empire Review," "Macmillan's," "Chambers," etc. Unless these magazines have recently changed their character, few, if any, of them carry 15 per cent. of advertising matter, and none of them need be excluded if they reduce or abolish their advertisements, a method involving very little trouble or loss. Magazines soliciting advertisements need not include the Australian circulation, and it is doubtful if their rates need be materially reduced. British magazines by no means carry the same percentage of advertising as those printed in the United States, where frequently more than half the pages are covered with advertisements. The dime magazines printed in the United States could not begin to live on their circulation—like the one-cent papers they live on their advertisements. They come into this country by the ton, and both they and the sensational newspapers which are imported in bulk should pay at least six cents a pound, the equivalent of the Australian 3d., in crossing the Canadian boundary. Canada can afford to

stand the importation of British magazines because they are dignified in character, and in sentiment they are acceptable; but why should carloads of printed matter, more than half of it advertising, be admitted to this or any other country to the injury of not only the publishing industry, but other business concerns, while sentimentally and educationally they are generally esteemed to be a detriment? Canada has not a good magazine, and never will have as long as these advertising fakes flood the country. The "Canadian Magazine" is no doubt as good as it can afford to be, but it has to live on its advertisements, and is probably taken by many who scarcely read it but who desire to foster Canadian literature. Now that the Postmaster-General has taken up the question of scrutinizing the advertising matter which is carried practically without cost through the mails, the larger problem should receive attention. Competition has driven the daily press into issuing huge and unreadable bundles of disfigured white paper for much less than the cost of the paper at the mills. To make these pay, all sorts of quack advertisements and swindling announcements are not only inserted, but sought for. These are carried all over Canada by the Post-office Department practically free of charge. It is certainly time that the newspapers of this country let go of the Postmaster-General's throat, for they are damaging one another and ruining the whole newspaper business, while imposing on the taxpayers of Canada burdens running into many hundreds of thousands of dollars. More than once I have suggested that the best way out of the present predicament would be found in arriving at the percentage of advertising matter annually carried by each paper, charging for that at the same rate as is imposed on circulars, while applying the diminished rate to that section of the paper devoted to the legitimate reading matter intended for the benefit of the subscriber.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, speaking in Philadelphia last week, predicted that there would be no reconciliation between the Combes Government of France and the Vatican. He does not appear to dread the abolition of the concordat, though he thinks it inevitable, and is quoted as saying, "The sooner it is abolished the sooner will there be a separation of Church from State, as we have here in the United States. This will be a benefit to the Church in

protecting itself from the Church. In nearly every other Latin-American country the same separation took place, though not to the same extent, and in some of the republics the Church has gradually regained or is regaining power. The fact remains that the Hierarchy can no more, with safety to the State, be permitted to hold temporal power in a republic than an aggressive and absolute monarchy could be permitted to exist as a sub-section of a democracy.

Archbishop Ryan might very well avoid reference to the spirit of the French revolution. Historical references are certain to stir up recollections of how fully the Roman Catholic Church once had control of religious and educational institutions in European countries; of how it never ceased intriguing for absolute control of the ruling monarchs, nobles, parliaments, presidents, and generals. What a frightfully bad mess it made of it! Surely these historical retrospects can make no one anxious to return to the same system of government. Indeed, such reminiscences are more likely to make patriotic people fearful of the result of the less formidable but never-ceasing intrigue which the Hierarchy is carrying on in our own country to control the politicians, mould the laws and forever fetter the State.

CROSSLEY AND HUNTER, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of their entry into the field as revivalists, issued an open letter to their friends, a portion of which was copied and commented upon in our issue of the 16th ult. In their letter reference was made to rumors of their having lost money in stock speculation, which constituted such a vague denial of connection with anything but the Atlas Loan failure that I concluded my reference to the matter with the following paragraph:

"Do they regard speculating or gambling in margin stocks as one of the questionable practices which they say has not been theirs? If their letter was intended to put an end to these rumors, I think they should have been more explicit. I think my desire to deal fairly with them has been shown by the publication of this explanatory advertisement on this page, and I can assure them that their statement that they have never margined speculative stocks will be given the same prominence if given with reasonable brevity and directed to the editor of this paper."

Shortly after the insertion of the above I received a letter—reproduced later on as an extract from the St. Thomas "Times"—purporting to be from Crossley and Hunter, but its general get-up and lack of dignity and sincerity made me doubt its genuineness. I consequently delayed publishing it for a time and sent them the following:

"Toronto, July 25th, 1904.
"Messrs. Crossley and Hunter,
"Evangelists, St. Thomas, Ont.:

"Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 21st inst. received in response to my invitation for a brief statement that you have not speculated in stocks by buying or selling on margin, and that you consider such speculation 'a questionable practice.' It seems to me that your answer is still too vague to cover my suggestion as to the nature of the rumors. You say, 'All our loss was by the Atlas failure.' This might be considered by some to simply refer to your losses, not to your speculations, as technically it would not cover your winnings. Would it not be better to state simply, for instance,

"During the twenty years we have worked together we, individually or jointly, have not speculated by either buying or selling stocks on margin, as we considered, and still consider, such a procedure gambling, inconsistent with the professions we make as ministers of the Gospel, and if indulged in by us destructive to our influence as evangelists?"

"It seems to me the case demands a positive announcement of policy and belief, as stock gambling is certainly a great evil and within the past couple of years is estimated to have lost the people of this city, many of whom could not afford to make a loss, in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000.

"Awaiting your reply, etc."
On July 28 I received a wire from Beaumais saying that my private letter (not so marked or intended) had been forwarded and they would reply. While awaiting this reply I received the following letter from a St. Thomas gentleman, which rather astonished me, as Crossley and Hunter's letter to me had not appeared in "Saturday Night" and I did not know how "Margin" could have any knowledge of it:

"The Editor of 'Saturday Night':
"Revs. Crossley and Hunter, in reviewing their year's work, draw special attention to their financial affairs, and if they were of special interest to the general public. The taste displayed in this particular is most execrable, still it is no very heinous sin.

"Why should not all ministers of the gospel—particularly those who invested in Cycle Motor—merchants, editors, people of all professions, parade their losses before the public? This is, however, not the serious feature of their position. There is a very strong spirit of 'We thank Thee we are not as other men' running through their letter. It seems they were suspected by some of dealing on margin in speculative stocks and had losses other than in the Atlas. How carefully their second letter is worded, 'We had occasionally heard the rumors that you referred to that we had lost money by speculating in margin stocks. . . . We now emphatically state that such thoughts or rumors are absolutely unfounded.' Now if the Revs. Crossley and Hunter will be as explicit and say they never made any money by dealing in speculative stocks on margin we will have the whole situation before us. Is it a sin to lose money speculating on margin in stocks but a virtue to make it? These gentlemen should be competent to answer the question. Yours truly, 'Margin.'"

On enquiry I found that the following paragraph containing a correct copy of the letter sent to me had appeared in the St. Thomas "Times" and had been taken as a text for the above letter:

"CROSSLEY AND HUNTER
REPLY TO CRITICISM.

"Revs. Crossley and Hunter have sent the following self-explanatory letter to the Toronto 'Saturday Night':

"E. E. Sheppard—Having read your comments made in 'Saturday Night' upon our reference to our financial loss, we accept your cordial suggestion to make a brief reply in your paper. You say that our 'letter speaks of Atlas stock only.' That is the only stock we could refer to, as all our loss was by the Atlas failure. We had occasionally heard 'the rumors' that you referred to that we had lost money by speculating in margin stocks, hence we, as you imagined, wrote as we did, to incidentally correct such thoughts or rumors wherever they might exist. We now emphatically state that all such thoughts or rumors are absolutely unfounded. But, as the old song puts it, 'People will talk, you know.'
"Cordially,
Crossley and Hunter.

"St. Thomas, July 21, 1904."

On the same day I received a long letter from Crossley and Hunter, dated Beaumais, and marked "personal and private," with the following postscript marked, "For publication in 'Saturday Night' in addition to what we sent for publication on 21st ult.: 'We may add that we strongly disapprove of the practice of speculating in margin stocks. Cordially, Crossley and Hunter.'"

I cannot give even a suggestion of the personal letter, though I would like to print it in full, and I certainly would have dropped the whole matter, thoroughly disgusted with the evasiveness of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, had not the letter appeared in a paper in St. Thomas, which is the residence of the revivalists, a city where I formerly was engaged in business, and as near as may be to my native place. To have the letter appear in the St. Thomas "Times" while it did not appear in "Saturday Night" must have suggested to those who read it that I was suppressing Messrs. Crossley and Hunter's statement. In self-defence I have given the whole correspondence as far as I am permitted to do so. I have taken some pains to find out whether Messrs. Crossley and Hunter did speculate in margin stocks, and if I am to believe the word of men who, though not revivalists, seem to know

what they are talking about, I must discredit the evasions of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter. As to whether ministers of the Gospel are entitled to dodge this sort of question as Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have done in a statement volunteered by themselves, and again in one asked for by this paper, the public must judge. The evangelists might have left the matter alone and made no reference to it in their open letter on their twentieth anniversary; they might have dropped the subject and made no reply to what I said in "Saturday Night;" or if they had not published the letter in the "Times" before I got through with my effort to get a plain statement from them, I would have doubtless let the matter drop. As it is, they appear to have involved themselves in the "rather questionable practice" of trying to mislead the public.

PARLIAMENT has prorogued after a long session filled with large talk and small performances. The expenditures authorized were enormous, but the spirit in which the spending was proposed and opposed was small. If the \$150,000,000 or thereabouts for which Canada is to be responsible in the construction of the G.T.P. were to be spent on a State-owned road, the scheme would have been large; to get tied up for that amount, whether directly or indirectly, and not have control of the road, but have the road control the Government, is small business, apparently born of the idea that this country is not smart enough to drive anything bigger than a one-horse wagon. The sacrifice was made to get the road and evade the responsibility. The fishing rights of James Bay and large sections of Hudson Bay, the rivers and estuaries thereof, have been given out in huge districts to political favorites at ten dollars per annum, with practically exclusive rights. The defence of Mr. Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, is that large amounts of money, say \$50,000 in each instance, must be spent to develop these fisheries, and it was a question of leaving them undeveloped or giving them out at a nominal price. The expenditure of \$1,000 a year will hold each lease, and even this trivial amount has apparently not been expended in some cases. Why were these privileges given out for such long terms when the Government of the Dominion and the Province of Ontario are expending such enormous sums to bring James Bay and Hudson Bay near a market for the fish? Does the Government believe that the railroad will develop nothing or that the fish industry will not develop? Or if they believe in the development of either or both, why not keep the development in their own hands and not farm out the future to railways and political speculators? These are a couple of examples of the small way in which large business has been transacted.

The Opposition has failed to grasp the situation, and while Leader Borden has shown himself to be a perfect gentleman he has by no means demonstrated that he is a master politician or a coming statesman. The criticism has much of it been paltry, inconclusive, and so violently partisan as to make it ineffectual.

The political newspapers have demonstrated nothing but their absolute fidelity to the parties whose names they wear. A couple of clippings indicate the spirit in which the scandalous contract given and re-given to Davis for the lighting of the Cornwall Canal is defended. "Mail and Empire," August 9: "In his summary of the Davis contract affair, made a few days ago in Parliament, Mr. Lennox, the member for South Simcoe, has placed on record a fair and accurate statement of a matter about which there has been much mystery. It is well that the facts should be clearly understood." The "M. and E." was one of the great batch of political newspapers which endeavored to hush up the Davis contract, of which neither the late Government nor the present Administration has a right to feel anything but ashamed. There certainly has been and is "much mystery" but the "Mail" stands in the first class of either cowardly or corrupt newspapers which failed to clamor for an investigation of the facts. When it says "it is well that the facts should be clearly understood" it is denouncing itself, and its partizan representation of the case is a fraud. The "Star" of August 10 replies to the "Mail," after having in common with the other party organs tried to hush the matter up: "If the Davis contract is a scandal it lies not at the door of this Government and this session, but at the door of a Conservative Government and a Conservative session." This is absolutely untrue, as it lies both at the door of this Government, who re-made the contract, and of this session, which re-affirmed it without investigating it, as well as at the door of the Conservative Government which made it in a Conservative session, and also a Conservative Opposition, both of which endorsed it and asked for no investigation.

This sort of debate is demoralizing. Our politics, whether in Parliament or the press, seem to have fallen into the hands of what Lord Dundonald called a "degenerate breed."

TALKING about the Senate, as at present constituted it has no reason for its existence. Even its own members are apologetic and in their speeches frequently refer to some measure they are considering as being of sufficient importance, if passed, "to justify the existence of that body." This was the case in the discussion of Senator Sullivan's resolution.

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lution to have patent medicines in a liquid form analyzed in order that the quantity of alcohol and such insidious drugs as morphine, cocaine, etc., be ascertained, with a view to the formula of ingredients so displayed on the label as to warn purchasers of the dangerous mixtures they propose to take or are in the habit of taking. This resolution was heartily endorsed by the Senate, as was Sir William Mulock's amendment to the postal law forbidding the carriage of publications containing "quack" advertisements likely to deceive. All this is very well and shows a commendable spirit, but we are likely ever to hear of it again. It is just the sort of thing that the Senate ought to attend to; non-partisan in its character, yet affecting the public in every walk of life. If the Senate were composed of business men, as it is not, trade and commerce and many kindred subjects might be profitably discussed, as they are not. The investigation referred to in a following article of the affairs of a life insurance company was a row and a mess from beginning to end. The insurance bill was introduced by a political favorite of the Government, and though he has never done the Government any good but is always trying to do something for himself, the strength of the Administration carried him and his bill through. That sort of thing is all wrong in the Commons, where the strictest party discipline is felt to be necessary. For the Senate to be controlled in the same way is a scandal; it is supposed to be a judicial rather than a partisan body.

When the Senate was Tory its legislation was Tory, and the bills of the Tory Government were promptly and unquestioningly endorsed by the Tory majority in the Upper House. When the Government was Grit and the Senate was Tory the measures of the Administration were rigorously scrutinized, and in the case of the Yukon railway which was thrown out the country benefited. Since the Senate has become Grit and the Administration is Grit as well, no Senator appointed by a Grit Government dares breathe anything but a Grit opinion or record anything but a Grit vote. Thus the Senate, useless in non-partisan matters, nothing but a Grit machine when the Government is concerned, is no more protection or benefit to the public than a sheet of fly-paper would be to an iceberg.

It is alleged to be unsafe to name an infant after a man till the owner of the name is dead, for no one can tell when he will go wrong. Probably no Government will have courage enough to appoint sufficient independent men to the Senate to threaten party measures with obstruction or defeat. The "News" suggests that now a Grit majority is assured in the Senate a few independent men might be appointed to change the tone of the debates. This might palliate what is now a preposterous condition, every day giving the lie to the professions of the Liberal party when in opposition themselves, or when as an Administration the Senate was in opposition to them. The hand of death, not the hand of the electors at the polls, removed the Tory majority from the Senate; and it was the hand of the Government, and not the hand of the people, which filled the vacancies with politicians of whom the people had grown weary. The only way to reform the Senate is to abolish it or make it elective. As a matter of fact, it is a piece of unnecessary machinery, so devoid of sympathy with the people, knowledge of present-day conditions, energy, or anything but a desire for such social distinction and money as an appointment to it offers, that Canada would gladly chuck the old thing into the bone-wagon and give it a jolly good send-off to a peaceful tomb. Occasionally it has prevented a mistake, when the ones threatening to make the mistake were political opponents; but the expense of the misbegotten thing and the damage done to the House of Commons by even the vague feeling that fool legislation may be revised in the Senate, vastly outweighs any benefit Canada has had or can ever expect from the existence of this House for Political Incubators.

A QUEER instance of how an apparently simple matter may be so bedevilled as to mystify everybody excepting those who are trying to work a scheme, is to be found in the consideration and investigation of the affairs of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company of New York by the Dominion Parliament. A bill in the Senate introduced and pushed by Senator Kerr, alleged to be in the interests of the policyholders but really promoted by the company, aroused a storm of opposition, caused an investigation, had its name changed, passed into the Commons, was discussed by clever members who insisted they did not know and could not find out anything about it, passed its various stages—even though Cabinet Ministers had to be asked to pledge themselves that the bill did not give the company the right of withdrawing its Canadian deposit—and is now presumably law. The investigation in the Senate was little more than a wrangle in which the Senators sordid one another and called each other names, imputed motives, and permitted the bill and the company to escape without the true meaning of either being disclosed. In the Commons Mr. Heyd seemed to be the bill's chief pusher, and Mr. Oliver its chief opponent. The latter insisted that the association was in a defaulting position; the policyholders were not asking for the bill; the association had either broken faith with its policyholders or was an insolvent. "Why, then," demanded Mr. Oliver, "should Parliament put its name to an agreement which it does not understand?" Mr. Heyd, who said he did not know whether the company brought in the bill or had it forced on them, stated that by the bill a \$5,000 insurance policy held under the assessment plan would be converted into a \$1,425 straight life policy if the policyholder elected to change, though he was not obliged to do so. To which Mr. Oliver replied, "Parliament is in reality constituting itself a bankruptcy court to put the company through on the basis of twenty-five or thirty cents on the dollar," and declared that the company, under threat of robbing the widow and orphan, was forcing them to accept thirty or forty per cent. of their claims. Mr. Gervais said the deposit clause was so vague that a good lawyer could without difficulty make fifty cases in the Privy Council. Hon. Mr. Fielding as a policyholder was prevented from taking an active part in the discussion. He thought the deposit clause was perfectly safe and all that the public interest required had been done. The bill was read a third time and passed, and we still know nothing about its meaning; how, indeed, should the policyholder know anything about it if the Senators and members of the Commons who have been discussing it are ignorant of its meaning?

During the discussion reference was made to a recent decision in the House of Lords in connection with this company. I find the text of it in the New York "Spectator" as cable to the daily press of the United States. I give it as a matter of interest to the policyholders in Canada. "London, July 30.—The House of Lords rendered a decision yesterday in the case brought by a policyholder against the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company of New York for canceling his policy, and for the return of his premiums, because the company increased the rate of premiums after a few years. He contended that the original representation and wording of the policy did not disclose any right to such an increase beyond the rate named in the table of maximum charges according to age. The company asserted that the table of maximum charges applied to the actual age of the policyholder and not to the age when he was insured. "The first trial resulted in an order to return the excess of premiums above the maximum named for the age when the man was insured. The Court of Appeals canceled the policy and ordered all premiums returned. The company appealed to the House of Lords, and the latter upheld the decision of the Court of Appeals."

"The Lord Chancellor, in giving judgment, described the document given by the plaintiff setting forth the terms of insurance as tricky, and intimated that it was intentionally ambiguous and that there had been great ingenuity in concealing the real effect of the contract."

Over a week ago a gentleman living in Western Ontario called to see me with regard to the peculiar settlement of a claim held by his mother arising from a policy of his step-father recently deceased. The letter explains itself. The number of the certificate is unchanged, but the name is withheld:

"Claims Department,
"Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company,
"New York, July 26th, 1904."

"Dear Madam,—We beg to inform you that we have forwarded our check as noted below, on the Ontario Bank of Toronto, for \$581.15, in full payment to your order as widow, claimant under certificate of membership No. 121420 of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, issued to ———, deceased, and we have instructed that the check be delivered upon the surrender of the certificate and your signature to the blank form."

"There is due the company upon this certificate of membership, under the provisions of the constitution and by-laws, the balance of premiums for the current insurance year, article vi, section 1, \$88.20, and the unpaid assessments, article vii, section 3, \$330.65."

Yours truly,

"E. M. Usher."

The gentleman who gave me this letter and had been pay-

ing the assessments, did not know that any were unpaid, in fact assured me that he did not believe that there was anything owing, to say nothing of such a large sum as \$330.65. When this letter was forwarded to him by his mother he at once telegraphed her not to surrender the certificates or to sign the release. She answered that the company's representative had called upon her almost immediately and before receiving his telegram, and that she had signed the release and given up the papers. He wanted to know if he could do anything to find out what was the meaning of article vii, section 3. I told him that I had taken great pains to obtain information from the company with regard to my own policy, but had failed to get any definite or satisfactory reply. He asked me if I expected to have the claim of the beneficiaries of my policy cut down nearly fifty per cent., as his mother's claim on a \$1,000 policy had been cut down to \$581.15, and it appears from the letter that "the balance of premiums for the current insurance year, \$88.20," was included in the deduction, indicating that he was paying a mighty high rate on a \$1,000 policy. The deduction of the year's premium, I believe, is the usual practice amongst insurance companies, but I cannot conceive how any \$330.65 could be withheld except it is a lien, and that would be a much greater ratio of charge if the policy was changed from the assessment plan to the flat rate than I was charged, though it would appear to be less than the bill recently passed by Parliament anticipates.

Altogether the whole matter is a bad mix-up and the company should be forced to make full, detailed and intelligible statements to each policyholder of exactly where they stand. If this is not satisfactorily done the license of the company in Canada should be revoked.

Twelve or fifteen years ago when assessment companies were considered strong, thousands of people insured in them who are now left without insurance of any kind owing to the failure of many such institutions, or are being frozen out by companies trying to get rid of that class of business. As in my own case, many of them are unable to get new insurance and are hanging on, almost hoping to die to get something before the thing quits. It begins to look as if the hearse would have to hustle around pretty soon if anybody is to get any benefit from this sort of policy. A good lesson is to be learned, however, by those who are taking out insurance policies, to do business with Canadian companies controlled entirely by Canadian laws and affording protection and guarantees of permanence such as cannot be certain elements in foreign associations.

THE Chesley "Enterprise" in its last issue administered a proper spanking to "Don," then when, it said in its introduction, "there is no brighter writer in Canada today." This prelude, of course, takes the place of the remarks that father with the gad used to make concerning how much evidently full of piety, for he has a long editorial in the same paper on "Desecration of the Sabbath," in which he appears to be anxious to have the whole Grand Trunk system arrested for hauling freight on Sunday and footing their whistle as they go past the meetin'-house. He also has a W.C.T.U. column, and he probably belongs to that organization, for he says of "Don," "Never did he appear more childish than when he wrote in last week's paper, 'I had not smoked cigarettes for a great many years until the W.C.T.U. started their preposterous crusade for the absolute prohibition of tobacco in one of its least harmful forms.' This means that 'Don' had begun smoking cigarettes not because he enjoys them, but because he wants to get back at the W.C.T.U. 'Don' is now in the class with the idiot who cut off his nose to spite his face." I was in hopes that very few people knew I belonged to that class, and I do not really think the "Enterprise" can prove it by what I said. If the truly good editor will notice, I did not say anything out of which he could construe a statement that I did not enjoy smoking cigarettes; as a matter of fact I do. I quit them years ago because somebody who did not know anything about it told me they were worse for me than cigars—I admit that I showed myself rather weak-minded in that instance. I began them again because the W.C.T.U.'s campaign against them reminded me of cigarettes and that I had been convinced by doctors who smoked them that, used with no greater frequency than cigars, and not inhaled, they were very much less injurious and quite as satisfying. I now smoke a couple of cigarettes instead of a couple of cigars a day, at a cost of three cents instead of twenty-five. This personal explanation is of no importance to anybody but myself, but as others as well as the "Enterprise" editor may have misunderstood what I meant, I suppose I will have to be explicit or else be promoted into the idiot class, where I perhaps belong but am unwilling to go.

IT has become quite the proper thing for people and newspapers, when criticizing political imperfections in Canada, to hold up England as a great and glorious example of all that is pure and sweet in such matters. I hardly ever hear anyone speak of an English politician at all—in fact, he is always an English statesman. From this popular habit of looking down on our own public men while straining our necks to try to get somewhere near enough to the exalted level of Old World politics to obtain some slight idea of their perfection, we have come to regard self-seeking, wire-pulling and all the other characteristics of ambitious public servants as unpleasant peculiarities of this continent. Canadians often display a silly sort of Pharisaism by warning each other that, unless our politicians mend their ways, in a century or two public life in this country will be almost as bad as it is in the United States. I have no desire to excuse crookedness or corruption of any kind, no matter where it may take place, but I don't think it is any newly-developed trait of human character or that it is at all peculiar to any one country, continent or race. The blameless public man has from time immemorial been thought such a phenomenon that poets and other pen-pushers have jumped on him and boomed him for about a hundred per cent. more than he was worth. England isn't been any exception to this universal rule, though Englishmen have a way of avoiding discussion of questionable practices, as being bad form, which is in all probability responsible for the erroneous opinion of their purity so prevalent in this country. There is something very familiar about the following note from an English paper—the "Weekly Dispatch"—dated July 23rd, 1834:

"In the House of Commons last week, Lord Ashley reported that the Durham Election Committee had unseated Lord Dunsannon on the ground of bribery, but that his lordship was not cognizant of the bribery. We could wish every man disenfranchised who sold his vote, and if Lord Dunsannon had his deserts he would be exposed in the pillory. Greater and more unblushing villainy than that exposed before the Durham Election Committee has seldom come to light; but what remedy can be expected from a House of Commons that is steeped in the very fœculence of all that is rotten and corrupt?"

Change the names a little and it might be a clipping from an Opposition paper of almost any date and of almost any country having representative government. Human nature is just about the same no matter where or when you happen to pick up your samples.

A NEW YORK magazine had the sale of its July number stopped in Boston because it had as a part of its decorative cover for that number a small portion of the Stars and Stripes. There is a law in the States prohibiting the use of the national flag for advertising purposes, and it was under this law that the magazine was suppressed. Things are moving along at a rapid rate in the land of liberty. Less majesty will be the next crime we shall hear of over there. Perhaps it wouldn't be such a bad thing, either. Possibly it would put a stop to Yankee newspapers and magazines which persist in shoving the front teeth of President Roosevelt in the faces of their readers. It might be a good idea for Canada to follow the example of the States in this flag business. If it would have the effect of forcing the "Mail" to shut up, about the Union Jack there is no doubt that as legislation it would prove highly popular and receive the support of both parties.

THE suggestion in the sporting column of "Saturday Night" that Mr. L. F. Scholes give an exhibition of sculling at the Toronto Fair has been speedily adopted by Manager Orr. On Thursday last Dr. Orr wrote Mr. Scholes, asking him to consent to give the people of Ontario an opportunity of seeing him in a shell. A course, as was suggested in this paper, will be laid out in the lake opposite the lawn and the winner of the Diamond Sculls will make what will probably be his final appearance as an oarsman.

"Papa, what is a 'bon mot'?"
"A bon mot, my son, is something we all suppose somebody really says, but which nobody ever heard anybody say."

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Very dainty white lawn Shirt Waist Suits that were 12.00, for 10.00.
Very pretty white lawn Shirt Waist Suits that were 10.00, for 8.75.
Very dainty white lawn Shirt Waist Suits that were 8.00 and 7.50, for 5.95.
3.00 Ladies' Suits selling for 1.50.
4.00 Ladies' Suits selling for 2.00.
5.00 Ladies' Suits selling for 2.50.

Fairweather's

84 and 86 Yonge Street

SOCIETY

Miss Jennings is visiting Mrs. Herbert Mowat of Wellesley street.

Miss Kathleen O'Hara is visiting friends in Muskoka.

Miss Ada McLaughlin of Huron street is visiting Mrs. Flavelle at Sturgeon Point. This pretty summer resort is increasing in popularity, and a number of new cottages have been built on the lake front. The Kawartha Lakes are well worth exploring.

The Jolly Yankanuck Club of Pittsburgh, whose headquarters are up on Georgian Bay, have opened the clubhouse for the season. The members thoroughly understand the art of camping and traveling in comfort, and are among the most enviable "old-timers" of Georgian Bay. Most Torontonians who go up to Fairy Sound know the pretty club-house just across from Sans Souci.

The engagement is announced in Victoria, B.C., of Miss Winwood Fraser, second daughter of Mr. Donald Fraser, late of Kingston, now of Victoria, and Mr. Creighton Newlands, eldest son of Mr. William Newlands of Kingston.

Mr. C. C. Cronyn and Mr. Edward Stanton were recently the guests of Mr. Percy Maule at "Tollendale," Alandale.

Miss Ella M. Bridgeland, who has been for some time assisting her superintendent at the Hospital for Sick Children, has given up her position in order to take a much-needed rest and expects to leave for California in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sauter of Winchester street have left town for a month's vacation. They will visit friends in Detroit, Denver, Cripple Creek and Nebraska. They expect to spend some time with their sons, Mr. David Sauter of Denver and Dr. Bruce Sauter of Cripple Creek.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough is spending this month with his family near Windsor, Muskoka. His pupil, Mr. Thomas Sargent, is in charge of the organ at All Saints.

Miss J. M. Brown of 551 Sherbourne street is visiting at Judge MacLennan's cottage, Lake Joseph, Muskoka. The island is near Gordon Bay and is one of the prettiest on the west side of the lake.

In this age of extensive travel, when women can go almost anywhere and feel at home, there is nothing startling in the pleasant expedition planned by Miss Lillian Allan and Miss Cockshutt of Toronto, who, with Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines and Miss Edna Chaplin of Montreal, will shortly sail from Vancouver for a visit to Japan, China and Egypt. By the way, there is a new book called "Forward" which gives a most entertaining account of an independent young woman's voyage around the world.

Mr. John King, K.C., Mrs. King and Miss Jean King are visiting Mr. King's son, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labor, at his summer residence, Kingsmere, Quebec.

An interesting wedding was celebrated on August 2 at the residence of Mr. W. J. Mowat, 37 Harbord street, when his eldest daughter was married to Mr. Frederick W. Scott of Toronto. The bride looked very attractive in a pretty gown of pearl gray voile over tulle, with lace yoke and bertha of pleated chiffon. She wore a picture hat of gray chiffon with white ostrich plumes, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Blanche Mowat, wore a fawn voile over rose silk with trimmings of fawn silk lace, and picture hat of rose chiffon with crown of pink forget-me-nots and boxes. Her bouquet was of pink roses. Mr. Percy Adair acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. C. Hossack of Deer Park Presbyterian Church. As the bride party entered the drawing-room, the "Bridal March" by Wagner was played by Miss Florence Graham. The drawing-room and dining-room were daintily decorated with pink and white roses, carnations and palms, the ceremony being performed under an arch of smiles, festooned with pink and white sweet peas. After the wedding luncheon, Mr. and Mrs. Scott left for a month's trip in Muskoka.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury will probably arrive in Toronto on Saturday, September 3. Should he arrive in the morning, a special convocation of Toronto University will be called, the assembly to be at Trinity University, where an honorary degree will be conferred on the distinguished visitor. A reception will then be held; but should his Grace not find it convenient to arrive until Saturday evening, the convocation and reception will be deferred until Monday. On Sunday, September 4, he will preach at St. James's Cathedral in the morning and at St. Alban's in the evening.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Minto and Lady Helen Elliot, accompanied by Capt. Bell, A.D.C., and Mr. Arthur Guise, returned to Ottawa on Thursday, August 4. On that evening the House of Commons was the scene of a pleasingly harmonious incident, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in a speech of characteristic grace, paid tribute to the services which their Excellencies have rendered Canada, moving an address of regret at their approaching departure, which was happily seconded by Mr. R. L. Borden. The reference to Lady Minto's interest in every movement having for its object the alleviation of suffering was especially deserved, as her Excellency's work in connection with cottage hospitals will long bear evidence of her gentle sympathy with the unfortunate.

An English society journal of July 23 says: "Lord Strathearn and Mount Royal, who is this week to visit Aberdeen to be installed as chancellor of the university, has promised to visit Forbes on August 17 to lay the memorial stone of a new parish church. He is expected to spend part of the autumn at Invercoe House, his place in Argyllshire, where he has not been for two years."

The house-boat "Hawatha," which has been up the waters of Georgian Bay, has an exceedingly jolly party, among whom are Miss M. A. Patterson, Miss Mabel Patterson, Miss Nina Patterson, Miss Ethel Wilson, Miss Orva Van der Water, Miss M. Hillock, Mr. B. B. James, Mr. Frank James, Mr. R. E. Patterson, Mr. G. C. Patterson, Mr. Beverley Bowes, Mr. John Hillock, Mr. Chris Hillock, Mr. Alex. Reilly, Mr. Harry Fullerton, Mr. Archie McDonald, Mr. Donald Sutherland, Mr. Drew Cruikshanks and Mr. Lee Wiggins of Toronto, Miss Legg, Miss Flo Patterson,

son, Miss Amy Patterson, Mr. J. H. Patterson, Mr. Herbert Patterson and Mr. Douglas Patterson of Toronto.

At "The Ellice," their pretty summer house at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Eryton Clark gave a most enjoyable tea last Monday afternoon for Mrs. Stone of New York, who is visiting her nephew, Mr. L. M. Eboomer. Among those present were Mrs. Dimmock, Mrs. Lausung, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Suydam, Mrs. Burnard, Mrs. Aves, Mrs. Ripon, Mrs. Hias, Mrs. J. J. Clark, Mrs. Hees, Mr. Lausung, Mr. Gordon Magee, Mr. T. J. Clark, Mr. L. M. Eboomer.

On Friday, August 5, at the Niagara Golf Club the preliminary round for Mrs. Hunter's medal was played. Among those quailed were Mrs. Rosseter, Mrs. Barnard, Miss Heward, Miss Cahoon, Miss Garrett, Miss Anderson, Miss Aicgaw.

A large circle of friends sympathize with the family of the late Senator J. C. Atkins, whose death last Saturday removed a venerable citizen who had for more than half a century played a distinguished part in the political and the financial affairs of the country. Mrs. Atkins died several years ago and for some time the senator had been extremely feeble, receiving every loving care and attention from his daughters and his son residing in Toronto, Dr. W. H. B. Atkins of College street.

Professor and Mrs. Hume are spending their holidays at Shanty Bay, near Barrie.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jennie C. Gibson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Gibson of Kingston, to Mr. D. M. McKay of Pembroke. The wedding will take place on Wednesday, August 17.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt and Mrs. Vogt's father, Mr. George McGill of Bowmanville, are enjoying a holiday at the club-house of the Caledon Mountain Trout Club at the Forks of the Credit.

A correspondent writes: "A lawn fete was held at Roselawn Lodge, Bala, Muskoka, on August 4. The house was decorated with maple leaves, ferns and Chinese lanterns. Two huge bouffes close to the river's edge and Chinese lanterns hung among the trees made Roselawn like a very fairyland. A musical programme was furnished by Miss Edwards, Miss Hobson, Mrs. C. Potts, Miss Bryan, Mr. Wishart, Mr. Edwards, Mr. T. Robertson. A number of the guests from other summer homes in Bala and other surrounding cottages enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and their guests until quite a late hour."

Mr. S. Crawford Richards of Winnipeg, youngest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Richards of Winnipeg, is in the city, the guest of Mr. T. L. Church at the Island. Mr. Richards is one of the most popular young men in the West with every one, and did well at the Canadian Henley for Winnipeg Rowing Club, capturing the junior doubles and his heat in the singles. He is an all-round athlete and point of the Winnipeg hockey team, and was one of the most popular competitors with everyone at the big regatta last week.

Mr. Gerald Aldous, a very popular young Winnipegger, is in town at the King Edward on his way home from the Canadian Henley.

Mr. Orman Haycock of Ottawa was in town all week.

Mrs. J. Edmond McLeod, who has been very ill for some time, is convalescent and has gone to join the family at Hanlan's Point, where they expect to remain till the first of October.

Miss Frances MacLeod and Miss Edith MacLeod of Toronto are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Flemming of Halifax.

Miss Fielding, daughter of the Hon. W. S. Fielding, is visiting Lady Davies in Prince Edward Island.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Applethorpe of 85 Avenue road left New York last Tuesday by the "Empire State" for the Continent.

It is announced in Quebec that the marriage of Miss Alice Dion, daughter of Mr. F. X. Dion, to Mr. Fernand Parent, brother of Hon. S. N. Parent, Premier of Quebec, will take place on August 30.

Miss Winnifred Vaux of Toronto is visiting Miss Edith Sparks of Richmond road, Ottawa.

Miss Bayless of Covington, Kentucky, is in town again this summer with her cousin, Mrs. Howe, 240 College street.

Mrs. Smith and Miss Clara Smith of Avenue road have returned from a month's visit to Caledonia and Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Mrs. J. A. Graham and Master Kenneth Graham of Winnipeg and Miss Dottie McDermid of Avenue road are going to Old Orchard Beach for the rest of the month.

Invitations have been issued for the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton, to be honored to-day at the summer home of the family, Assiniboine Lodge, on the St. Lawrence. Congratulations to the popular young statesman and his wife are universal, while it is difficult to realize that the anniversary has reached the twenties.

Dr. and Mrs. Ziegler of 423 Sherbourne street, with their family, are at Pelee Point, Lake Erie.

The great popularity of electric light the world over is largely attributable to its many advantages from an hygienic standpoint. The fact that it uses up no oxygen and emits no smoke, makes it an ideal light for the home. It is being made use of in hundreds of Toronto's best houses, and now that our people are beginning to realize how cheap it is, it is coming into use in all classes of homes.

Last New York Excursion of Season.

Everybody is going. It will be the great and grand event of the season, and what is more will be the last chance to visit the great American metropolis at an excursion rate. The West Shore Railroad will run a cheap excursion to New York on August 15, good 15 days for return, giving privilege of trip on Hudson River steamers between Albany and New York, without extra charge. Fare will be \$2 return from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo. In addition to regular trains, there will be a special leaving Buffalo 10.15 p.m., arriving New York 10.00 a.m., and making good connection at Albany with Hudson River day boat for New York. Positively last of season. Write L. Drago, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto.

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Low-Rate Fifteen-Day Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On August 15 and 25 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run special excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, and Ocean City, N.J., at rate of \$10.00 from Lewiston, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Lockport.

Tickets will be good going on regular trains leaving Buffalo at 9.00 a.m., carrying through Pullman parlor cars to Atlantic City, and 8.50 p.m., carrying sleeping cars to Philadelphia. Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains, except limited express trains, leaving the seashore and Philadelphia within fifteen days. Train leaving Buffalo at 9.00 a.m. will be run through to Atlantic City.

Atlantic City passengers may use trains leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge Route, avoiding transfer. Passengers for other seashore points named will use trains leaving Market street wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets will be good from Philadelphia to the seashore on days following dates of excursions.

A stop-over of ten days will be allowed at Philadelphia on going trip if passengers deposit their tickets with the ticket agent at Broad Street Station immediately on arrival. Stop-over within limit is also allowed on return trip.

For tickets and further information apply to ticket agents of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, or B. P. Fraser, passenger agent, Buffalo district, Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main street, Elliott square, Buffalo.

Medical Convention.

Delegates to the Medical Convention at Vancouver will return through San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver and the World's Fair, St. Louis, by purchasing tickets sold to San Francisco, account Knights Templar meeting. Tickets on sale from August 15 to September 9, good for return until October 23, with stop-over privileges in each city. This is an open rate to the public, as tickets are not sold on the certificate plan. The rate will be \$70.25 from Toronto. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets can be purchased going via Vancouver, returning through above cities, or vice versa. By writing H. F. Carter, traveling passenger agent, Union Pacific Railroad, 14 James building, Toronto, Ont., he will give you full information.

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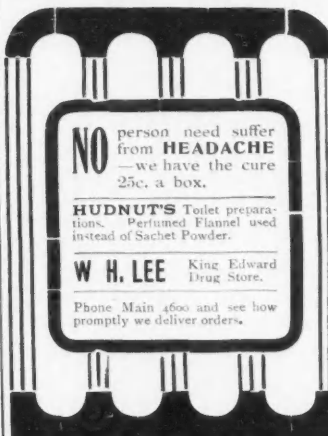
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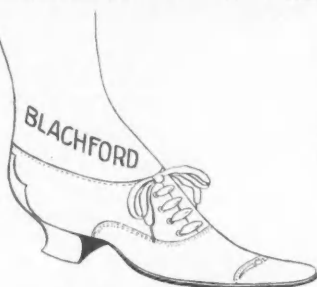
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Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
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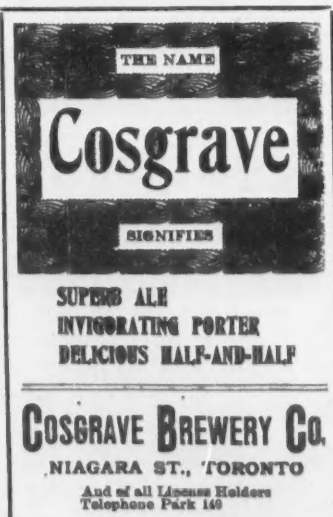
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rubbing his shins and knees and funny-bones, he looked rueful and chagrined to see the margin of rock he had to the good. Perhaps he reflected upon what the jump an hour before might have saved him in the way of hard knocks of another sort, for by now he had, like the gentleman in the song, two pretty black eyes, which contrasted strikingly with his light hair and the paler of his cheek. At last he brushed his disordered locks from his brow, rose a little after the fashion of Joe Jefferson at the end of Rip's long sleep, and shook a clenched hand toward the creek, up which he had doubtless watched us disappear. Then he turned his back on the scene of his misadventure and was soon lost in the deep wood beyond.

The sound of a locomotive's whistle came up the lake, and I turned my glass on the little Stop-and-Carry-One train, made up of a pony engine, a tender and a combination car. The engineer put his head out of the cab and waved a bare arm. The whistle blew again, the train stopped, and, gratefully, the fireman got down and went ahead with a disparted broom to sweep the track clear of some drowsy cattle browsing between the rails, while a handful of passengers alighted and strolled down to the lake shore to pick black caps of the Doo-little variety. Gliggs told me that on the Stop-and-Carry-One they would wait at a crossing or any old concession line for a farmer's wife with eleven eggs to take to town, until the pet rooster would get busy and say the twelfth. At last the fireman succeeded in directing the attention of the sleepy kine to some pasture of a much richer quality—Frome grass, perhaps—a bit farther up the track, and the faint little limited proceeded on its perilous way once more.

The lake was a sheet of dead silver now, for the breeze of the morning had died down. The air was very hot as well as still, and the silence brooding over lake and shore seemed emphasized rather than broken by the soft metallic "chuck" of the oars in their rowlocks as a party of people in a skiff rowed up the lake. Presently, as the skiff drew near to the bluff where I lay screened by the long grass, the voices became so distinct that the conversation was quite audible to my lazily intent ear. The man in the stern, in classical repose upon the small of his back, his long legs stretched past the foot-rest of the rower, remarked with a drawl:

"Say, Joe, who's the fellow I heard was cuttin' Dood Potts out o' Miss Green's affections at the garden party over at Sweet's last night?"

"Ba gosh!" said Joe, with an accent and emphasis that left his French-Canadian origin beyond doubt. "I doan know for sure." And Joe ejected a quid overboard to solemnly clinch the veracity of his remark.

"What did you hear, Sam Hugg?" said Miss Green, in the bow. She was a classic-featured, light-haired maid, her complexion had a hint of anæmia in it, which was at once accentuated and offset by her hat, a millinery creation with enough floral color and design in it to have made a seedman's spring catalogue feel as sporty as a bunch of mourning weeds. But to counteract the hat, there was a large and sober-hued valise in the skiff, bearing the inscription in home-made block type: "Miss J. Green, Brewer's Mills, per steamer 'Fairly Queen'."

"What did you hear, Sam Hugg?" said the Bellamy Belle again.

"Well," drawled Sam Hugg, "I heard this fellow I was asking Joe about was the best-lookin' feller there by a long sight, an' that you an him was leavin' as peas in a pod all evenin'."

Either you had him on a string or he had you mashed fine, I'll be dang-whittled if I just know which."

Miss Green preserved a tactful reticence on this point. "He's very good-looking, certainly," she said. "Tall and dark."

"Taller'n Joe?" interjected Sam, with a cruel thrust at Joe's inconsiderable inches.

"Taller than you, Sam Hugg, and straight—"

"That's one for Sam, sure!" said Joe, with a roar.

"And, as I said, very good-looking," concluded Miss Green. And Joe, staring at Sam's lean countenance, laughed immediately again.

"It don't take much to make Joe laugh!" said Sam, irascibly.

"Not much, for sure!" said Joe.

"The gentleman you was asking about, Sam," said Miss Green slowly, but with an apparent readiness to resume discussion of the "gentleman" in hand, "is the new pursuer for the 'Fairly Queen'."

"O-o-o-h!" mouthed Sam expressively. "So that's why you want so bad to catch the 'Fairly Queen' at Rome for Brewer's Mills?"

Miss Green did not directly deny the soft impeachment. "He's from Alexandria Bay and he was fishing for the Hoy in Red Horse Lake with a party from Limestone and Brickville and Gannanook. He came up from Red Horse to Sweet's last evening to send a telegraphic message to the captain of the 'Fairly Queen,' to say that he would join the boat at Rome to-day."

"An' then, as he was turning back to Red Horse, he just run across the party and Miss Joe and me," concluded the arch Mr. Hugg.

"That's gay bunch in Red 'Orse," said Joe. "Good old hot sport, for sure."

"You been there?" drawled Sam.

"Yaas," said Joe. "I was dere las' wick. I row."

"For sure. I mean dere was some rouge—red, you know—in 'er 'air."

"An' she's flirt len' red, either!" snapped the Bellamy Belle, with a shake of it.

"Non. For sure your 'air it is not red, Miss Green. But dis girl in Red 'Orse, 'er 'air was red, you know, like the red in the sun some time. All the boys in the bunch in Red 'Orse say it was ver' fine 'air. The new pursuer 'e was not dere las' wick, you know."

Miss Green interposed a scornful little laugh. "Pink cheeks are lovely when they're natural, Joe," she said.

"For sure," said the unperturbed Joe. "An' dis girl 'er cheek was au naturel also. An' 'er mout' was red—au naturel—an' 'er teeth was white—au naturel. Yaas, she was de mos' 'andsome girl, present company accepted, I ever seen. A peach, for sure. An' 'er face 'er flirt wit' every tall, dark, good-lookin' man in the bunch. But per'aps she's doan flirt wit' the new pursuer yesterday. I doan know, for sure. I ear one of the boys say 'en 'er man come to Red 'Orse like she was expectin', she won't flirt no more. But I doan know, for sure."

"She's a little too much of a peach for me, I guess," remarked Sam.

"Yaas, per'aps she's not flirt wit' you, Sam," said the philosopher at the oar. "But you go hover to Red 'Orse an' see her aback and black."

"Guess she deserved it!" said Sam, rough moralist. "Who hit her?"

"Black an' blue stripe," said Joe.

"Bathin'!" said Sam, severely.

"Black an' blue stripe, an' ver' 'andsome for sure." And he bestowed an amiable and copious smile, but full of reminiscence and subtly invidious comparison, upon Sam's slender extremities, quite irritating to that gentleman's sensibility.

"I did hear there was one of them kind of pink and white city peaches stopping over at the Roman House," he said. "An' that Dood Potts—"

Mr. Hugg, who in an apologetic glance at the severely silent Miss Green, covered his break with a diplomatic cough. "The best kind of peaches," he hastened to add, as he readjusted his spine, "grows in the country in my opinion."

Their voices waxed faint to my willing but insufficient ear, as they drew near to Blood Rock, and as I rose and turned to follow them, I caught a glimpse of Jimmy his whistle gave out a shrill and startling note.

"It was our danger signal, the Morse 'di'!"

(To be continued.)

The Book Business.

The publishers consulted
The author of renown.
The offer which resulted
(The man was quite insulted)
Was fifty thousand down.

They came to terms at double.
The papers got the news
And blew a mighty bubble
(Who paid them for their trouble?)
Of comments and reviews.

With eagerness they printed
Each rumor piping hot.
The critics gravely hinted
Denial to the publisher's note.
Some details of the plot.

Now came the readers rushing.
All eager for the chance
Of cloud with praises gushing
(Strange that no one was blushing!)
They ordered in advance.

And then the famous writer,
With calm and placid look
And debts and spirits lighter
(Thanks on June 21, and at once
Sat down to write his book.
—Reader Magazine."

Why Autographs are Worthless.

"There is no subject upon which more illusions seem to exist than on the subject of distinguished people's autographs," said a dealer in these things.

"An autograph, as the ordinary person understands it, is merely the signature of some person of eminence. Well, let me say that a mere signature is worth comparatively nothing."

"What, then, is the value of the autograph?"—that is to say, an entire letter written with the person's own hand, and by him signed. This is the autograph.

It is in the opinion of the expert particularly if the letter gives some decided opinion, or reveals some new phase of the writer's mind.

"Let me tell you about one remarkable instance of ignorance on this score. A gentleman, some two or three years ago, inherited a great collection of papers, and among them there came to be a large number of priceless letters written by Evelyn, Pepys, and many other historical celebrities—statesmen, poets, and so on."

"Well, what did the collector do?" "I will preserve the autographs," said he. Forthwith he eagerly cut out the signatures and destroyed the letters.

"The only satisfaction we have is knowing that he realized about half a crown for each 'autograph,' whereas the holograph letters, had he kept them, would have been worth at least fifty pounds each."

Old-Fashioned

But still in the Fashion.

It is an ever new and interesting story to hear how one can be entirely made over by change of food.

For two years I was troubled with what my physician said was the old-fashioned dyspepsia.

"There was nothing I could eat but 20 or 30 minutes later I would be spitting my food up in quantities until I would be very faint and weak. This went on from day to day until I was terribly wasted away and without any prospects of being helped."

Now, I was advised by an old lady to try Grape-Nuts and cream, leaving off all fatty food. I had no confidence that Grape-Nuts would do well for me, as I had tried so many things without any help. But it was so simple I thought I would give it a trial she insisted so.

"Well, I ate Grape-Nuts for breakfast and pretty soon the lady called to see her 'patient' as she called me and asked if I had tried her advice.

"Glad you did, child, do you feel some better?"

"No," I said, "I do not know as I do, the only difference I can see is I have no sour stomach and come to think of it I haven't spit up my four teaspoons of Grape-Nuts yet."

"Nor did I ever have any trouble with Grape-Nuts then or any other time, for this food always stays down and my stomach digests it perfectly; I soon got strong and well again and bless that old lady every time I see her."

"Once an invalid of 88 pounds I now weigh 125 pounds and feel strong and well and it is due entirely and only to having found the proper food in Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

A Century's Clippings.

"Wanted, a young person of decided piety, about twenty-two years of age, to take charge of and educate three children under twelve years of age. She must be capable of imparting a sound English education, with French, music, Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, German and Italian. Salary \$8 per annum."—"Evangelical Magazine," June 28, 1844.

"A gentleman of Birmingham has suggested the employment of an indigenous material as a substitute for mahogany and other costly woods used for furniture and the finishing of houses. The substitute which he proposes is iron. In bedsteads the posts as well as the frame might be cast hollow, and the former might be beautifully grafted with flowers, or embellished with fanciful ornaments."—"Weekly Dispatch," June 28, 1869.

"A diver named John Day lost his life through extraordinary ignorance. He said that, closed in an airtight box only just big enough for him to move about in, he could live for twelve hours when sunk in a hundred feet of water. A betting-man named Blake believed him, and decided to run the feat as a speculation. He paid all Day's expenses, and agreed to give him 10 per cent. of all bets won. Blake then wagered heavily, but there was a hitch in the last moment. Blake lost all his bets, but immediately made them all over again, and many besides, for a second attempt, which was duly carried out. It was on condition that there was to be no communication between Day's box when sunk and the surface. The box was attached by a few screws to the side of a tug, and taken to a spot in Plymouth Sound, where the water was 132 feet deep. Day was inside, and had a bed, a watch, a taper, and some biscuits and water with him. At a given signal he unscrewed his fastenings to the tug from inside, and he and his case sank to the bottom. Neither was ever seen again."—"Our Times," June, 1864.

"The other day a man was discovered on the top of a house in Russell Square, London, stealing lead. The cry was raised, and a great crowd of people ran along the streets, keeping pace with the man who was running on the roofs. At last a resident came out of a house in Hunter street, pointed his blunderbuss at Jack Robber, and fired. He fell like a stone, and was dead in a few minutes."—"Morning Chronicle," June 19, 1864.

"There was a famous balloon duel in Paris between M. de Grempeur and M. le Pique, arising from a quarrel about a lady who was performing at the Opera, who it was understood, would give her hand to the victor. Two balloons were constructed exactly alike, and the combatants ascended in them from the gardens of the Tuilleries. Each was armed with a big blunderbuss, and the arrangement was that the balloons and not the men were to be fired at. When the signal was given the ropes were cut, and the balloons, 80 yards apart, shot up into the air. When they were at the height of half a mile the signal was given to fire. M. le Pique missed, but Grempeur sent his ball through the other's balloon, which descended with frightful rapidity, and both Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. Grempeur, the only survivor, was rescued unharmed and descended in safety."—"Morning Chronicle," June 22, 1868.

The first Victoria Cross was presented by the late Queen on June 28, 1857, to Rear-Admiral Charles Lucas. The gallant officer thus relates the story of his exploit in the Baltic campaign. He was in command of the "Hecia." "We arrived off Bomarsund about 9 a.m. on June 21, and at once opened fire on the large fort, which as quickly returned fire. We had no charts of that coast, and so were obliged to approach the fort very slowly, for fear of the rocks. While proceeding in this leisurely manner a masked battery of six or eight guns opened up upon us at about 600 yards every shell striking the ship. I was standing on the small skylight of the captain's cabin, to be able to see above the men's heads, when a shell rose from the water, and fortunately came down on my feet, and, seeing the men—very properly lying down, as the shell was amongst them, with its fuse still burning—I picked it up and threw it overboard. That was all."—"Morning Post," June 28, 1857.

"By an arrival from the Havana we have learned that on May 21, which stated that the coast of Cuba continued to be infested by pirates, who were aided in their pursuits by a considerable portion of the Spanish magistracy and of the Custom House officers. These wretches carry their audacity so far as to make public markets of what they have pillaged in the villages on the coast, where the priests serve as agents in the disposal of the goods. Several expeditions had been fitted out by the Governor of the Havana to hunt down the pirates, but they had returned unsuccessful." It is not surprising that Spanish magistrates and Custom House officers should like to make a bit, but it seems a very odd thing for the priests to have acted "on the cross."—"Morning Advertiser," July 2, 1824.

"We refer to an advertisement in our columns for the particulars of a meeting to be held on Monday next in reference to a proposed new colony. The subject is one of considerable importance, and the names of the committee are a pledge that the plan is not one hastily or carelessly adopted. We doubt not that much interest and instruction will be derived from an attendance." This was a meeting for founding a colony in South Australia.—"The Age," June 29, 1834.

Mrs. Sharp—"That little Mrs. Dubchump is a perfect heathen."

Mrs. Keen—"Yes, I've noticed that she worships that graven image of a husband of hers."

"May I kiss you?"

"Not much."

"All right; I wanted only one or two."

"In rather straitened circumstances, isn't he?"

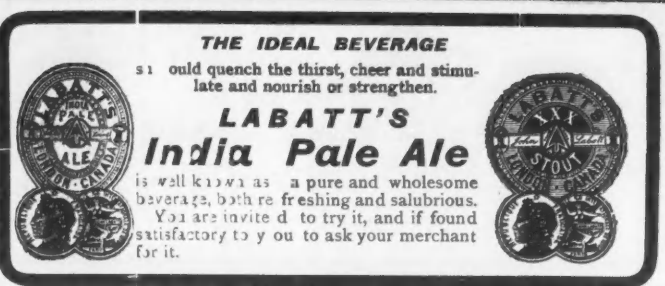
"Straitened? Well, say—he's as poor as the average story in which the hero is a 'blond young Englishman.'"

Those suffering from decayed teeth should use....

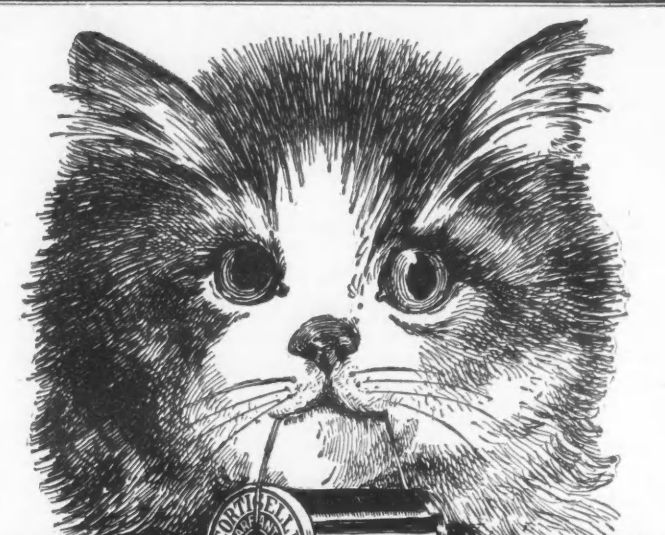
Converton's Carbolic Tooth Wash

as it disinfects the breath, leaves a pleasant and refreshing taste in the mouth, and prevents further decay. One trial will establish its merits. Be sure that you get Converton's, as there are many imitations. Price 25c., 50c. and 1.00. For sale by all druggists.

D. WATSON & CO., Agents
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LABATT'S India Pale Ale
is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.



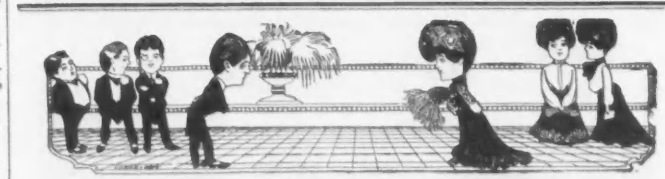
Corticelli SPOOL SILK
Is the best Sewing Silk made. As Corticelli costs you no more than an inferior quality of silk, why don't you buy it? Always ask for Corticelli and see that you get it.

Corticelli
—B & A—
Asiatic Dyes Wash Silks SKIRT PROTECTOR
Put up in patent holders, which prevents waste by tangling or soiling; admirably the only proper way to put up silk and floor. The colors are fast—the silk THE BEST.
Peculiar wearing qualities and perfectly straight selvage. Corticelli Skirt Protector is of firm and even texture, and when soiled a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no harm done.

To get that appetizing, brown appearance and outside crispness on roasts of lamb, beef, etc.—to keep their goodness in them they must be basted. In the old style stove this necessitated reaching into the hot oven and moving the hot, heavy pan and holding it in the front of the oven while it was basted. A tedious performance with unsatisfactory results. The draw-out oven rack of the

Imperial Oxford Range
makes basting a simple and successful operation. Draw the handle in front of the oven forward and the rack brings the pan and its contents out of the oven where it may be thoroughly basted with the greatest ease. The Imperial Oxford Range lessens the labor of cooking and insures the most successful results.
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SOOTHING & REFRESHING.
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England).
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.



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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 13, 1904. No. 40



ATLETICS and commerce are not usually believed to be inter-related, and when they are, the apostles of amateurism bemoan the fact. The advocates of honest sport are right in so doing, for despite the arguments of some folk the paid man is never as thoroughly a sportsman as is the fellow who goes into the game for the love thereof. But there is another way in which sport and business are connected. When times are good and money comes freely, the man who has to buy his own paraphernalia is able to get into the open and pursue his favorite amusement. This fact has a great deal to do with the present popularity of rowing—perhaps the most expensive sport of the lot, if we except horse racing and motor-ing. The St. Catharines regatta showed that things are prosperous with young Canadians. It costs a good many hundred dollars to buy an eight-oared shell. A four-oar would make a good hole in the average man's yearly salary, and the single and double boats are not to be had for a song. Rowing clubs from Ottawa to Winnipeg were represented at the Canadian Henley, and the money comes very largely from young fellows who have not yet seen their twenty-fifth birthday. Ten years ago such a successful regatta as that of last week would have been impossible in Canada. The where-withal was not in sight. Rowing's popularity depends on cash as well as enthusiasm. May we long continue to possess both.

Canada's possession of the Seawanhaka Cup has once more been challenged, but the electro-plate will remain with us for some time yet, if appearances count for anything. When Herrick Duggan won it in 1896 it was prophesied that the "Americans" would find a good deal of difficulty in recovering it. The Lake St. Louis course is one which it takes a lifetime properly to learn, and the challenger always will be at a disadvantage. "Noona," the Canadian boat, early showed her superiority in windward work, and fairly well held the challenger on the free runs. The White Bear boat did not seem equal to standing up when beating. Doubtless this defect was due to the fact which I have already mentioned. White Bear Lake, near St. Paul, Minn., is a small sheet of water compared with the changeable and untrustworthy Lake St. Louis. The boats in use on the Minnesota pond never are—as they do not need to be—as stable as those which scud over the expansion of the St. Lawrence.

Mr. John E. Hall, who certainly knows as much about cricket as any other Canadian, has been explaining to an unsympathetic reporter of a daily paper why the grand old game makes slow progress in Canada. We all know the reasons—lack of time, lack of money. But let one curious fact be pointed out. With golf, rowing, motor-ing, and half a dozen other sports highly popular, the truth is that in so far as Toronto is concerned there is more cricket in the city this year than there ever was before. The premier club—that bearing the name of the city—is not so active as in days gone by, when it often would on holidays place three elevens in the field. But the other organizations are strong and prosperous. Golf has seduced many a man from the Toronto and Rosedale clubs, but the teams which play nearly all Saturday afternoon matches are vigorous as ever. The question of grounds commences to be an important one. As the city grows, the smaller clubs will have to be furnished with fields or else go to the wall. In only one city park, that at Dovercourt, besides the Exhibition Grounds, is there a cricket field. In New York and Philadelphia the civic authorities give the cricketers a fair show. Here the ball players, red of face—often, it is to be feared, equally lurid of language and violently assertive—seize the best spots in the parks to the detriment of the cricketers. This is not what I call a square shake. The cricketers have as good a right to consideration at the hands of the Park Commissioner as have the baseball men. In the "American" towns as large as this tennis courts are laid out and tennis nets are provided by the city. Here in Toronto this might be too amazingly modern to be thought of this year or next. But within a decade or so we may have the change.

Some of these fine days Mr. Barney Oldfield, who slides through space at the rate of a mile a minute and a foot a second, will climb the golden stair, approaching that escalator by the motor-smash-up route. Oldfield is the man who holds the world's record for motor speed. I fail to see what good these contests against time are to anybody. Motor-ing itself is a splendid, invigorating sport. It can be participated in by persons of almost any age. It is the backbone of a high-class industry, employing many skilled mechanics. But the Barney Oldfield style of motor-ing appeals only to the dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast and to the many who, unfortunately, love to witness any dangerous spectacle. Oldfield says himself that he is going to quit the business before he is killed. His car would be of no use for road purposes. It is a speed machine pure and simple. It has no utility save as a money-maker for its owner, and, perhaps, as an advertisement for its makers. But just as good an advertisement could be obtained in other ways.

The National Lacrosse Association seems to be on a fair way to disruption. The Capitals have been politely asked to withdraw the professional team which met Temuscha the other day, and have respectfully declined. Thus the Ottawa men are down and out of Eastern lacrosse, for they will not put a new "amateur" twelve in the field. Those Simon pure organizations, the Cornwalls and Montreals, announce that their teams never have been paid. And of course any man who knows anything about the game believes them. When next season comes around it will be seen whether the N. A. L. A. is to become a municipal organization. Already Cornwall is the only club outside of Montreal, and for years the Montreal gates have kept the Factory Town club out of the hole. The movement for avowed out-and-out professionalism is bound to gain strength during the winter. The Ottawa Club's management is distinctly in favor of the system, and I hear there are in Montreal sundry gentlemen who are ready



Barney Oldfield going at the rate of about a mile a minute past the grand stand at Exhibition Park on Saturday last, nearly five thousand persons witnessing the performance.

to finance and manage a paid twelve. If the movement goes thus far we are sure to see within a very few months a Canadian professional lacrosse league. After that, success will depend wholly on the adoption of business principles in conducting the clubs.

Although there are said to be two thousand golfers in Toronto already, there are many more who would like to pursue the "golf" if they could only find entrance to a club. So keen is the demand for club memberships that it is now impossible for the average man to get in by any means save the abhorred "waiting list." One would think that there is room for a couple more golfing organizations in the city. Plenty of land can be secured within a few miles of the corporation limits, and it seems certain that the money would be speedily forthcoming. If the organizers would only come forth they would have not to seek for would-be members.

The vegetarians and meat-eaters who go in for swimming are having it hot and heavy regarding the merits of their dietary systems. Perhaps there are as many vegetarians in proportion to their numbers as there are experts who consume flesh. Most of us, however, are too old and "set in our ways" to abandon the system of alimentation which we have followed all our lives. And there is also an economic side to the question. If we all should become vegetarians, what are we to do with our cattle on a thousand hills? The answer seems to be that given to Mr. Toots at the famous soiree at Minerva House: "Cook 'em." But the question is not one for joking. Hundreds of millions of capital are tied up in cattle. Are we city dwellers deliberately to ruin tens of thousands of our fellow men by becoming graminivorous and herbivorous? I guess not! I for one shall continue to be a true altruist and enjoy steak and chop whenever the spirit moves me so to do.

OLYMPIAN.

LAWN BOWLING.

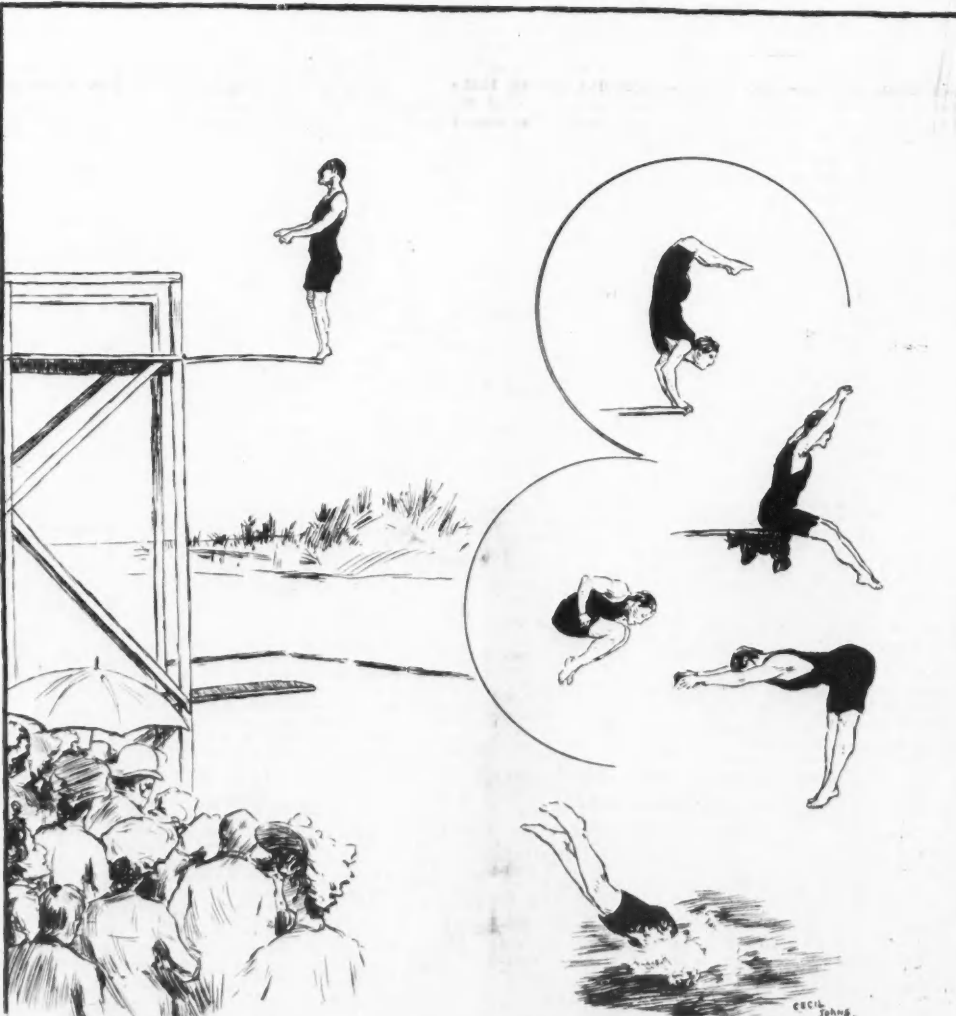
The Canadian Old Country team finished their tour by playing the Coleraine club in the north of Ireland. It can be said without fear of contradiction that the welcome accorded the Canadians in Ireland was not surpassed by either

Scotland or England. They were received with a "caed mille failthe," and it is appropriate that the closing game and the reception they received should be given prominence in "Saturday Night." I have to thank Mr. G. J. Bennett for many souvenirs of the Old Country trip, but none more acceptable than those sent me by him from the "ould sod." If the Canadian team did not win more victories and did not come up to the expectations of those on this side of the Atlantic, all I can say is, let those who criticize place themselves in the same position and see how they would fare. I am indebted to the Belfast "News-Letter" for the following account of the last game of the tour, which will no doubt be interesting to the many readers of "Saturday Night."

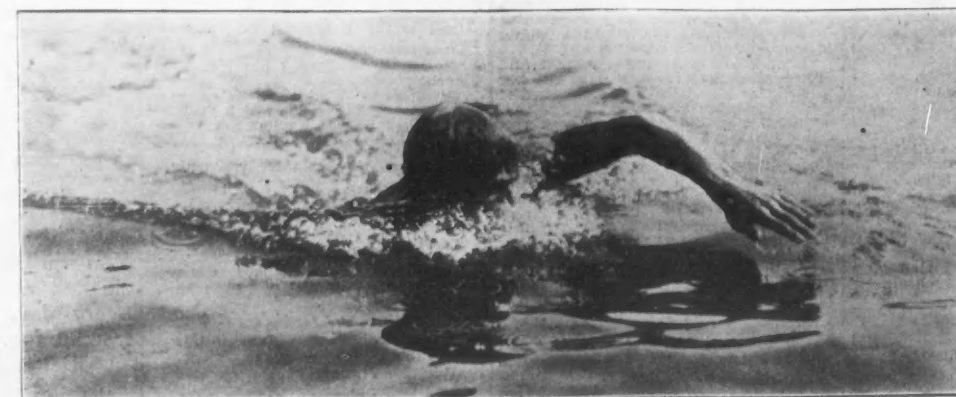
"The Canadian bowling team, in continuation of their Irish tour, visited Coleraine yesterday. They were met at the railway station by Mr. J. G. A. Kydd, vice-president, and other members of the committee of the local club, and at once drove to the Clothworkers' Arms Hotel, through streets gaily decorated with flags in honor of their visit. Luncheon was served in the hotel at one o'clock. The company, which was very large, included Mr. Hugh Eccles (presiding), and Mr. J. S. A. Kydd (who occupied the vice chair).

"After luncheon, the toast of 'The King' having been duly honored, the chairman, in proposing the 'Health of the Canadian Bowling Team,' warmly congratulated the visitors, who, he was informed, had fulfilled all their engagements since they came to the British Isles, and that, he could assure them, was a more difficult thing to do than one imagined. (Laughter.) "Mr. Bennett, in responding, said it was probable before he had spoken many words the company would have discovered the fact that he was an Irishman. He was glad to be in Coleraine, and he was pleased to visit Belfast. He was the only native-born Irishman on the team, but that fact had not been discovered until he came to Ireland. (Laughter.) "The bowlers—by the way, the impression had gone abroad that they were no bowlers, they had been so often defeated, but he could assure them that they were first-class bowlers at home. (Laughter.) He would not go into the reasons why the team had been so often defeated. It would be wearisome, and it might give the team away. (Laughter.) But he would impress on the Coleraine bowlers that there was a

AT THE TORONTO SWIMMING CLUB'S ANNUAL CONTESTS.



Some of the fancy diving.



C. M. Daniels of New York, breaking the record for 100 yards.

very widespread conspiracy against the Canadian team, not so much in Ireland perhaps as in England and Scotland and Wales. They were not only pressed to play in the afternoon, but they were entertained royally in the forenoon, and they were kept up half the night. (Laughter.) Well, that was no preparation for a game of bowls. He did not offer this as an excuse. Their hosts were lavish in their hospitality; the Canadians were true soldiers, and did not turn their backs. (Laughter.) "After luncheon the visitors drove to the Sahnnon Leap, which they inspected with the greatest pleasure and interest, and then proceeded to the bowling green. The grounds were crowded with a large assemblage, to whom afternoon tea was served, and during the proceedings the Willowfield prize band, from Belfast, contributed an excellent programme. Play proceeded after the teams had been photographed."

On Monday, 15th instant, at 2 p.m., the thirteenth annual tournament for the Dominion Lawn Bowling Trophy will commence, on the lawns of the Granite and Victoria Clubs. There seems to be more than usual interest evinced in this competition, and from the number of entries already made the prospects are for the largest competition yet held. The following gentlemen have been asked to act as umpires during the tournament: E. T. Lighthorn, Q. D. Mculloch, J. S. Willison, J. T. Johnston, C. T. Mead, J. R. L. Starr, T. B. Peake, James Baird, T. T. Hunter, R. Moon, and the officers of the tournament are: W. H. Hall (Imperial Bank Building), hon. secretary-treasurer; Dr. C. D. Clark, Victoria Club, and Dr. B. E. Hawke, Granite Club, hon. assistant secretaries; Charles Swabe, chairman of committee. LUNA.

Dramatic Notes.

AFTER being closed for two months, Shea's Theater will be opened on August 22nd with a bill of vaudeville acts that will be new and up-to-date. It has been Mr. Shea's policy in the past to give Toronto the best of the vaudeville stage affords, and this idea is likely to be carefully adhered to during the coming season. Many of the leading lights of the dramatic stage have been induced to come into vaudeville this season, and as a result patrons of this popular style of amusement will profit. In conjunction with his Buffalo and Cleveland theaters Mr. Shea has secured all the big features, including many European acts that have never before been seen in this country.

William H. Crane has returned from Europe and is resting at his country place, Cohasset, prior to his rehearsals, which begin August 25th. He is to appear in "Business is Business," the play which created so great an impression at the Comedie Francaise last season and which is still being played there. Mr. Crane's company will include Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Walter Hale, Katherine Grey, Mrs. Dellenbaugh, George Backus, Sheridan Block, Harry St. Maur, R. Payton Gibbs, Guy Nichols, W. K. Dupont, Gabrielle Ravelle, Emma Field and George V. De Vere. Charles Frohman will produce "Business is Business" at the Criterion Theater, New York, on September 19th.

Among the most important of the earlier events on the local stage will be the appearance of Blanche Walsh in "Resurrection." Few if any other plays in the present decade have attracted so much comment, sensational and otherwise, probably because so few plays in recent years have been fraught with any distinct purpose, or have pointed any positive moral. There have been many versions of "Resurrection," but reference is of course made to the play written by Henri Bataille, produced with equal success in Paris and London, and which has established Blanche Walsh as one of the famous dramatic stars of the day. The great success which Miss Walsh has achieved in the character of Maslova is due to the fact that, like Tolstoi, who wrote the novel, and the author who dramatized it, she portrays a certain phase of life, life as it is, unfortunately, with unadulterated truth.

A Summer Resort.

A SUMMER resort is a place where dressmakers display their goods. The proper ingredients of a summer resort are a blond beach, a delicate, romantic hotel, about one thousand victims and plenty of hot air. Summer resorts were originally invented for giving people a rest. Now their principal purpose is to make everybody tired.

In all well-regulated summer resorts the food is prepared in a blacksmith's forge located in the rear of the hotel, and served to the guests in porcelain capsules three times a day, whether they want it or not.

The officials of the summer resort consist of the proprietor, or head bunco-steerer; the clerk, or assistant bunco-steerer; the head waiter, or chief robber, and the common waiter, or ordinary highwayman.

The proprietor has the best room in the house, which commands a fine view of the ocean and the baggage of the guests. He notes the new and strong arrivals, and mourns over those who are too weak to remain any longer. He shakes hands with all the millionaires and gives the haughty glance to the dry goods clerk unaccompanied by a chaperone.

The nearest approach that any summer resort comes to diamond-backed terrapin in the kitchen is a diamond-fronted clerk in the office.

It is the clerk's duty to read and sort all the guests' mail, carefully putting the cash received into the surplus. His manners are usually a cross between a custom-house officer and a Weber and Fields star, and he always hands you the pen with the third finger of the right hand upon which rests a superb Koh-i-noor that has had yellow fever.

The head waiter sweeps the air for you as you enter the dining-room, and takes what you have left. If you are poor and of humble descent, wear ready-made clothes and a look of anxiety, he seats you between an undertaker and a grand mother in the mourners' row. If you look like a horse owner, or a cotton king, he plunges you into the bevy of heiresses who sit at the star table. Then the ordinary waiter places around you a variety of dishes, faintly discernible with the naked eye on a clear day, which remind you so much of real food that you begin to feel hungry.

The principal products raised by summer resorts are money and flies. Quite a wide gulf separates the two, however, as your money is leaving you all the time, but the flies never leave you at all.

In the beginning of the season a regiment of flies is stationed in each room, with instructions to give no quarter. Some summer resorts, having found that the flies will sometimes desert the rooms, put in screens, so that they cannot get away.

The early morning fly at the summer resort, who finds insufficient nourishment in the body of his emaciated victim, will often become desperate by hunger and swallow all the towels in the room. Children exist in great numbers in summer resorts, for some unknown reason these places being supposed to be good for the final recovery from measles, mumps, scarlet fever and other popular diseases. They romp in the corridors while you take your afternoon nap, and thoughtfully wake you up early enough in the morning to take the business man's train for town when you have foolishly planned to pound your adamant mattress for another hour.

The only things that are not allowed at a summer resort are dogs. But it isn't definitely known whether this is a wise provision of Providence or the S. P. C. A.—Tom Masson.

Civic Questions.

How much would the tone of Ontario journalism be raised if the out-of-town papers were no longer searched by each Toronto daily for articles that praise its make-up or principles and ridicule those of the other city papers?

Which shows the finer feelings, the people that flock to see a bull fight in Spain or the Toronto crowds that spring from nowhere whenever a policeman with a drunk on his hands rings for the patrol wagon?

Excuses and promises being all that the press and the city fathers obtained from the Street Railway Company when the power was off, what effort to bring the number of cars up to the standard is that public-spirited corporation likely making during these days when its shortcomings seem to be forgotten?

How much more chance of having citizens visit the Exposition during the first week would the directors have if the people that attend on the first few days did not find a great many exhibitors just beginning to place their goods?

W. A. C.

Intimate Interviews.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

DR. BEATTIE NESBITT did not need to be hunted very much before I succeeded in cornering him for an interview. Indeed, the following was all on the side of the interview. For the last six weeks I have entered and left my office by the side door whenever I caught sight of his easily-recognized form sitting on the main steps of the "Saturday Night" building; but this device could not be expected to work successfully for ever—Doctor Nesbitt is used to tricks of evasion. The other day he caught me fairly as I stepped into the lane—and I knew at once that resistance was useless.

"Well, Jack, old man," he shouted familiarly, "how are you? Put it there! Just the man I want to see. Have something mighty good to put you on to. Got a minute to spare? Thanks! Oh, yes, your office will do as well as anywhere else. After you. . . Well, how are things? Nice comfortable quarters you have here. What's that? Yes—heh, heh, heh—yes, you newspaper men have a pretty soft snap—think you were Cabinet Ministers. That's right—you would, sure. . . Well, old man, what's new?" He finally wound up where he started, which I took as a broad hint to set to work and question him.

"I suppose, Doctor," I began, "you're hard at work preparing yourself for a general election?"

"Not on your life. I'm getting ready for another session." "Then you think the present Government will not face the country till they have to?"

"That's sure betting. After the first week of the present Legislature, Ross made up his mind that his only chance of holding down his seat at all was to make his term hang out as long as the law allows. He'd no more think of facing me in a general election than he'd think of introducing a prohibition measure. You see, before the present Legislature met I was an unknown quantity in politics. Of course everyone knew me by name, but few had any very clear idea of my ability as a statesman. Now the situation is all changed. Ross realizes that he's up against it. He knows the people know what my parliamentary calibre really is, and that they'll go solid for my party the first chance they get at the polls."

"But how about Mr. Whitney? Don't the electors look to him for the Conservative policy?"

"Heh, heh, heh!" Dr. Nesbitt shook out with the aid of his shoulders. "Whitney! Lord, man! You surely don't take any stock in the yarn that Whitney's the leader of the Tory party in this province, do you? Why, Whitney's the dearest one of the whole bunch. If it hadn't been for Whitney's my wife had been in power years ago. Huh! Whitney's my what the French call 'bad bait'—isn't it 'bad bait,' or something meaning the same thing, that they call it? My French has got a little rusty since I went into public life. Well, anyway, that's what Whitney is—he's it, whatever it is, so long as it isn't complimentary."

"Indeed! I had no idea Mr. Whitney was so unpopular with his colleagues. Are your views of the nominal leader shared by all his supposed friends?"

"All," the doctor replied laconically. "Of course," he added in explanation, "Whitney was all right until I came on the field. It isn't any personal defect in the man that makes him a dead one. He's merely damned by comparison. His political associates thought him first-rate till they were forced to put him up against me, and then—well, I don't suppose any explanation is necessary," the medico-statesman broke off, and twisted modestly at a pearl button on his snowy canvas waistcoat.

"I see, I see," I muttered.

"Of course Whitney can't help it. He's a decent enough fellow. I feel rather sorry for Whitney. That's right, Jack, I do."

"But will not this rivalry for leadership be rather awkward in case your party should get into office?"

"Mighty awkward for Whitney—yes. He should have taken Ross's offer and gone in with him. I strongly advised him to do so at the time. I told him that personally I wished him well, but that politically I should have to put an end to his career in the interests of the country. But no, you can't tell Whitney anything—so the only thing to do is wait him whenever and wherever I get a chance. It's his own fault. He had an opportunity to stand from under, and refused it. Serve him right when he finds himself hunting for a job some of these days."

"It doesn't strike me as good politics on your part to advise him to join Ross," I ventured. "You see, it would add one to the strength of the Government and take one from the Opposition at a critical moment."

Doctor Nesbitt bit the end off an eight-inch cigar and threw the fragment against the wall, while he chuckled softly to himself. "You don't know the game, old man—you don't know the game. You see, if I had succeeded in getting James Pliny to join Ross I should have killed two birds with one stone—Whitney would have been out of the way in my party and Ross would have been three or four times as easy to beat. Oh, I tell you politics is a mighty deep game, and it takes a deuce of a long head to get on in it the way I've got on. But there's no use in trying to dodge it, so I own up—I've got the head for the business. It isn't only since I entered the Legislature that I've shown the people what kind of a think-tank I wear around. Even at college I ate forty-seven dozen eggs at one meal. They don't grow men of that brand every day—eh?"

I hastened to admit the unusual nature of the feat and the surprising nature of the development it must have demanded at such an early age, but the Doctor cut me short.

"Huh! That's nothing. Why, I can eat twice as many now."

"That should have no inconsiderable influence at the polls," I suggested.

"Inestimable. It is hard to say what effect it will have on my own election, but in the outlying constituencies it will make the farmers flop over from Ross by the thousand. I shall go into power, I estimate, with a majority of at least twenty-three, sixteen of which will be gained solely by my egg-eating record."

"And the others?"

"By my personal magnetism."

"And your platform? Will it have many attractive planks?"

"Just one."

"And that is?"

"Doctor Beattie Nesbitt."

"Then you do not intend to commit yourself to a definite policy before you assume office?"

"I have confidence in the belief that the people have confidence in me—that they believe me certain to do what is right. Yes, confidence is my game from first to last. There is more to be gained by getting the confidence of people than by any other line of graft—ahem—say, old man, just scratch that out, will you, and we'll go across the street and have a drink. What I meant to say was: nothing pays so well as honesty, by which we can command the respect and confidence of the electorate and make the statesmen of this great and glorious country worthy of the traditions of that land from which—ah—the devil! I forget the way the thing runs, but I have it written down at home, so I'll not be stuck in it when the stumping begins. Say, you'll have something, won't you, Jack? Yes, come along. We don't meet every day. Sure thing. . . Oh, well, if you won't, you won't. But say, you'll give me a nice little puff, won't you? You don't need to make it direct, you know. It'll do me just as much good if you hammer Whitney. I wish you'd soak him whenever you get a chance. I've fixed—I mean, several of the other papers have promised to do the right thing, so I know my best friend won't turn me down. Well, good-bye, old man. Shake again. Be good to yourself."

The impulsive Doctor shook my arm loose from the shoulder and slapped me so affectionately on the back that I coughed yet when I got up or down stairs.

"And I say, Jack"—he stuck his head into the room again—"when I'm up in Queen's Park for good, if there's anything you think you'd like, don't be afraid to speak up. I think I'll have something pretty nice for my friends. Good-bye again."

And before he could have time to come back a second time I quietly locked the door.

Toronto's Way.

There was a young hero named Perry

O'er whose shooting we tried to make merry.

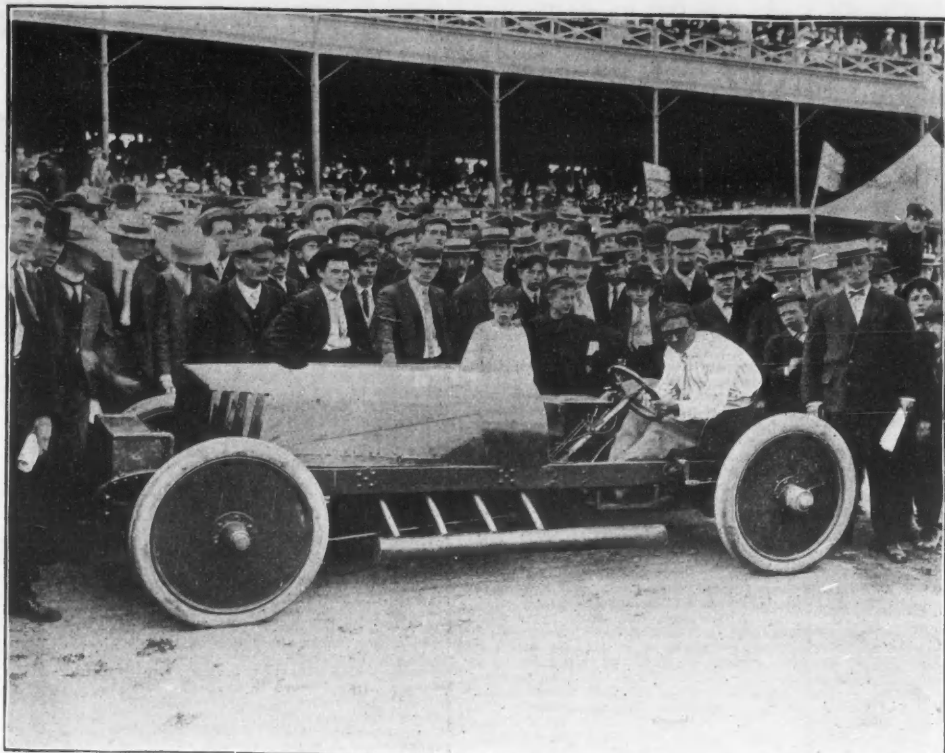
But the platform went bang.

Causing many a pang.

And almost the marksman did bury.

W. A. C.

CANADIAN.



The machine in which Barney Oldfield broke the auto record for three miles, at Exhibition Park, last Saturday. Time, three minutes, fifty-seven and two-fifths seconds.

At the Perry Blow-Out.

THE epidemic of public receptions had a grand wind-up on Tuesday last, when Private Perry was received with honor in the University grounds. We might almost say the whole of Toronto was there. Thousands upon thousands, a curious medley, too, as to do honor to a young man and to look at the fireworks.

The military naturally was a great feature, and of all sights a military tattoo is acknowledgedly one of the most impressive. Rows of nice clean soldiers without arms—weapons I mean, of course—but carrying instead lighted torches, marched around a well-roped-in square to the tune or tunes of "John Peel" and other well-known military music such as "Mr. Dooley."

Amid a wild outburst of cheering, whistling, clapping, and those noises made by small boys at their worst, who should have been warmly spanked and put to bed, Perry entered, like Horatius, "by the college gate, borne by the joyous crowd."

Even the Englishmen in the crowd were pleased to see him and risked dislocating their necks to obtain a glimpse of the man who carried off the King's prize against the pick of them, and in fact of the whole Empire. One young man wanted to know if he smoked cigarettes, because if he did he wondered whether he would mind writing a letter to some dear ladies that we know of, telling them that smoking hadn't injured his eyesight or played havoc with his nerves. But then, of course, he was an Englishman, and you can't take them seriously, can you?

There, there! I was told to write about the tattoo—not that I am a believer in tattooing, because personally I think it is a very barbarous custom. Well, the tattoo tattooed splendidly. It almost made me wish that I had entered for the King's prize so that I could have been the recipient of so much honor and have had all those fireworks and all that music and all those people to welcome me. And what a crowd there was! It reminded me of my youth on the night before Waterloo at the Duchess of Richmond's ball—ahem—there were so many "brave women and fair men," and the women must have been brave, too, to face that heaving multitude. I must confess, Perry, I got out before the end, because I got rather frightened. I hope you didn't mind and think I wanted to slight you, because really we all admire you very much and have great pride in your prowess.

Good-bye, Perry, and good luck.

Oh, half a minute. Just one question: Did you remember while you were shooting to "keep both hands on the Union Jack?"

Madge—I wonder how Charlie felt when he was proposing to you? Dolly—Well, if you really must know, he was feeling my cheek with one hand and my waist with the other.

Farmer—This place of mine is only five minutes' walk from the station. Summer Boarders—Then all I can say is that I must have got off at the wrong station.

THE MARKSMAN.



AT THE PERRY RECEPTION.

Mr. Perry thanking the citizens for the tremendous ovation and the handsome presentations.

Report for Prison Congress.

BRIGADIER W. ARCHIBALD of the Salvation Army has produced a document of more than usual interest in the report for the National Prison Congress which meets at Quincy, Illinois, next October, the subject being, "The Activity of the Salvation Army in the Canadian Prisons." In speaking of the Salvation Army as an organized force in the helping of the discharged prisoners, men on parole, also in the visitation of the jails and prisons throughout Canada, the Brigadier says: "This year alone we will help between eleven and twelve hundred men on their discharge from penal institutions. We have in the Salvation Army forces of the Dominion 330 corps, 161 outposts (in the villages), 34 social institutions and 1,045 commissioned officers, who respond immediately when called upon to meet and assist a man discharged from prison, providing employment, also giving him a kindly oversight until the man regains his footing and is able to do for himself. The officers send a report to me once a month on special cases for the first year, and, if the man falls into temptation, they will pick him up again. Our officers work with these broken fibres of society out of a sincere and pure love to God and humanity."

There is a welcome absence of unctuous piety or anything savoring of cant in this manly, straightforward account of good work carried on with sympathy and common sense. As a proof that the work is animated by "pure and sincere love" we have these facts: "Their (the officers') services, except in cases where they have had an outlay in their traveling expenses, on Prison Gate work, or in procuring board for the delinquent under their special care, are uncompensated. . . . Financially our officers are supported by the corps they are in charge of. The Prison Gate department has only two salaried officers, both salaries included not amounting to one thousand dollars a year. We expended a little over three thousand dollars in assisting to rehabilitate men on their discharge from prison last year. We work in harmony with constituted authorities of law and order, the governments of our prisons and the officials."

In a House of Commons debate of Friday, July 29, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, referring to the grant of \$2,000 "to pay expenses in connection with supervision of paroled and discharged convicts," said: "This is an item put in at the suggestion of Superintendent Archibald of the Salvation Army, who has done an immense amount of good in connection with the prison gate work of the Salvation Army. The Army has a certain number of people who attend at the prison gate—they know when men are to be released, being kept informed when they enquire by the Department of Justice—and they take hold of these men, find them employment, help them along and encourage them. If a man, for instance, is a mechanic, and needs tools, or something of that kind, the intention is that Superintendent Archibald may be able to take out of this fund such an amount as is necessary to help the chap along. I find that it is absolutely necessary to give a man a chance, if he has happened to fall into trouble, and the best way when he gets out of jail is for society not to turn its back upon him." In further discussion the Minister stated: "There are eight men who are discharged convicts from the penitentiary—I will not say where they are, but the facts have been given me by Superintendent Archibald—who have been placed by him in important positions of trust. One of them has held his position for five years. The employer knows that he is a discharged convict, but no one else knows it. Not one of these men has fallen away."

These words of commendation are strengthened by the good will shown the organization by wardens and other officials who are in entire sympathy with its operations. In speaking of the origin of the work this account is given: "Between five and six years ago, Warden Gilmour of the Central Prison, Toronto, opened up the galleries of his prison to an officer of the Salvation Army. This was the beginning of an organized effort to assist in the rehabilitation of discharged prisoners, although we had for years assisted men on the day of oblation to their liberty. I would especially mention the wardens, also the officials, of our Canadian penal institutions for their sympathy and kindness."

Among the most striking features of the report are the presence of healthful, hopeful sentiment and the absence of sickly sentimentality, such as well-meaning ladies occasionally display towards prisoners. Brigadier Archibald is especially emphatic on this point: "We guard most carefully not to give out sympathy in the wrong form, realizing that by so doing it would be a very easy matter to undo every lesson taught by the man's incarceration. The expression of a sentiment or sympathy that makes the convict feel he is suffering unjustly has often turned the heart and sympathy of a friendly warden or a prison official from lending their influence and help to many misled workers, simply because they seek to reform and help the convict on the principles of sentimentality or sympathy, rather than the influence of a good, cautious and sound judgment. . . . I have found in almost every man in and out of prison, there is a degree of moral reliability."

The plea for help and encouragement for the fallen is set forth in manly and even eloquent terms: "One of the greatest difficulties we contend with in helping the paroled or the discharged prisoner is the grudge society holds against the delinquent. . . . This is where the Prison Gate Department stands as a mediator between the two factors, inducing the individual who has been wronged to forgive, and the ex-convict to make a mend, as far as he possibly can, for his wrongs inflicted. . . . The Prison Gate work for the future will be to build up a strong and moral hedge about the discharged criminal and the paroled man, . . . assisting them in their reformation, . . . and thus prove to be a benefit to both our citizens and country—our Canada." So the Prison Gate work deserves in every way the encouragement and good-will of the community.

A Schoolmaster's Wisdom.

Religion that inspires hatred toward any man is fanaticism.

The man who does everything for gain, does nothing for good.

Those we think are weakest are often stronger than us all. Money saved on schools will be spent in revolutions.

The slow man who deliberates and is right, is better than the quick man who guesses wrong.

A pocket full of hope is worth the Bank of England.

There is no reward above the satisfaction of doing good. Some things that are easily swallowed are hard to digest.

We are all in the way who are not in the work.

Superstition and poverty are twins.

If you cannot be brilliant, you can be brief.

The man who is in love with himself will have few rivals.

There is only one way in the world to get even with an enemy—forgive him.

One good deed is worth a hundred promises.

There is no error without intelligence.

You may contest any will but woman's.

A wound in the purse is not mortal.

The man who waits for something to turn up has his eyes fixed on his toes.

There is room at the top, but the top is slippery.

The little schoolhouse is the charm that works the magic spell of civilization.

A man may outgrow local conditions, and local conditions may outgrow a man.

There's plenty of good news if you are pleased to carry it.

We lose a good deal when we lose our temper.

Marriage is a lottery, but it has more prizes than any other game of chance.

Don't growl—that's the brute's business.

You can lead a man to college, but you cannot make him think.—Creswell MacLaughlin.

Wherever the Union Jack Waves

Hunyadi Janos

Natural Laxative
Mineral Water

is looked upon as the standard cure for

CONSTIPATION

Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

Representative Brownlow of Tennessee tells that once he was running a country paper during campaign times, and was printing "fighting" language every week. One day, just after the paper was out, a big man, armed with a club, walked into the sanctum and fiercely enquired if the editor was in. The frightened Brownlow had wit enough to answer that he was not, but that he would go out and hunt him up. He started for the street, and at the foot of the stairs met another irate fellow, who asked: "Will I find the editor of this dirty sheet upstairs?" "Yes," said Brownlow, "he's up there at his desk just itching for a fight." The second man went up, and Brownlow disappeared. Which whipped the other is not related—and Brownlow didn't go back during the day to find out.

Ex-Justice Julius Mayer is a great lover of things that come out of the sea, and while in Chicago, attending the Republican convention, he sought to indulge his taste in a well-known restaurant. He ordered little-neck clams, and the colored waiter informed him that they were out of them. The judge thought that, in the absence of clams, a broiled lobster might do; but the lobsters, likewise, were out. Soft-shelled crabs were his next choice, but the waiter regretfully informed him that the crabs were also among the absent. Then why do you keep these things on the bill? Have you any shell-fish at all? the judge demanded. "Only eggs, sah," replied the waiter.

There was once a passage at arms between Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the eminent woman suffragist, and Horace Greeley, on the occasion of a discourse by the former on the right of women to the ballot. In the midst of her talk Greeley interposed, in his high-pitched, falsetto voice: "What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?" This seemed like a poser, but the lady had been before the public too long to be disconcerted by an unexpected question, and she promptly replied: "Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley—stay at home and urge others to go and fight."

Ethel Barrymore is responsible for the following story illustrating Wilton Lackaye's sardonic wit: "One day Lackaye said he had made a dramatization of Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' and somebody said he'd never get a New York manager to produce it. 'Produce it!' sneered Lackaye; 'why, you'll never get a New York manager to pronounce it.'"

Captain Cuttle's famous watch, which would keep "correct" time only by various shakings and striking of the hands during the day, is matched by a Yorkshireman's clock. He resented the imputation that there was anything wrong with it. "It goes round for him that know how 't' read it," he said; "when its hands are at twelve, it strikes two, and then aw know it's half-past seven."

As an illustration of carrying military discipline too far, this story is told by General Nelson A. Miles: "There was a colonel who was in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all his men change their shirts at once. The order was duly carried out, except in the case of one company where the privates' wardrobes had been pitifully depleted. The captain of this company was informed that none of his men could change their shirts, since they had only one apiece. The colonel hesitated a moment, and said firmly: 'Orders must be obeyed. Let the men change shirts with each other.'"

De Wolf Hopper says that his small nephew was given to him, and one of his first entries in it was "got up at seven." He showed it to his mother, and she corrected his sentence. "Got up," she exclaimed in horror, "does the sun get up? It rises!" The youngster carefully erased the offending words, and wrote, "Rose at seven." And on retiring for the night he carefully inscribed in his diary, "Set at eight."

When Mr. McAdoo, police commissioner of New York City, was a representative in Congress he paid a visit to the Virginia town where he found his wife. As he was having his shoes shined in the tavern office a popular old man strode around the place for a minute or two and stalked out. "Who's that?" inquired Mr. McAdoo of the bootblack. "Dat's Kunne!" said the old man. "Well, he must be one of your big men, isn't he?" "Yes, sah," grinned the bootblack; "de Kunne's de most' ambitious pusion we got heah, sah."

James R. Young, insurance commissioner of North Carolina, narrated at a banquet in Raleigh some of the vicissitudes of an insurance man's work. "An agent in Wilson," he said, "told me the other day about an experience that he had while at a cotton planter. This planter, having decided

to insure his life, was filling in the usual printed list of questions. When he came to the stereotyped queries: 'Age of father, if living,' and 'Age of mother, if living,' he thought a little while and then put down his father's age at 117 years and his mother's at 119. 'By Jove,' said the agent, 'you come of a long-lived family, don't you?' 'Why, no, not particular,' the planter replied. 'But your father and mother—' 'Oh, they're dead,' the planter interrupted. 'They died young. But the paper asks for their age 'if living,' so that is what I put down.'

Ellihu Root, who has returned to the practice of law in New York City, has engaged a new office boy. Said Mr. Root: "Who carried off my paper basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Root. "The janitor, sir," the boy replied. Later Mr. Root asked: "Jimmie, who opened that window?" "Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz?" "The window cleaner, sir," Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'sister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened and a small, shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, Ellihu."

The Authors' Club of Boston devoted a day last month to a visit to the home of Whittier at Amesbury. As the club members were passing down Amesbury's main street a little girl ran forth from a garden where she had been playing, and accosted gaily her friend, Hezekiah Butterworth, the author and editor of the "Butterworth's," she said as she was taking leave again, "I saw your photograph in a newspaper the other day, and it was so like you that I kissed it." "And did it kiss you back?" Mr. Butterworth asked. "Oh, no," laughed the little girl. "Then," said the author, smiling, "it was not like me."

A political lieutenant once announced to the late Senator Quay a disastrous defeat, making the announcement in very blunt, brusque terms. Senator Quay gave the news to his mother, direct glances and smiled slightly. Then he said: "You have broken this news gently. You remind me of an Irishman who was given a great faith in his diplomacy and delicacy, and one day when a boy was killed at the quarry he told the men to leave everything in his hands, and he would break the news to the boy's mother. It should be done. So he went home, he put on a black suit and a black tie, and he knocked at the door of the boy's mother's house. 'Good mornin', ma'am,' he said. 'Tis a sad accident yer boy Tom's gold watch has had.' 'Why,' said the mother, 'Tom never had a gold watch.' 'Sure, an' this is lucky,' said the news-breaker, 'for there's twenty-ton of rock fallen on him.'"

Baron Moncheur, the Belgian Minister, visited Baltimore last month. At a dinner in Baltimore he said: "The spirit of business enterprise and speculation is what impresses me most profoundly in America. For instance, I was riding one day on the outskirts of Washington, and at a certain place I dismounted and got a little boy to hold my horse. I was gone about ten minutes, and on my return I found the first boy gone and another, smaller one, standing at the horse's head. 'How is this?' I said. 'You are not the boy I left my horse with.' 'No,' said the tiny urchin; 'I speckulated and bought the job off the other fellow for a dime.' Of course, after that," the Minister ended, "it was impossible for me to 'bear' the market."

George A. Knight's speech at the Republican convention has brought out some good stories about his vehement manner and enormous voice. Yesterday, at the outset of his career, when he was a candidate for the office of district attorney in Humboldt County, he went to Eureka, his native place, to make a speech. A local banker, deeply interested in his success, met him on the way, and drove him to the point where the meeting was to be held. The citizens were on hand with a vengeance. They were a hardy lot of customers, fresh from the fresher soil, and did not care much for rhetoric. Knight was introduced by the banker, and stepped forward with the air of a Nubian lion emerging from his den. Raising his mighty voice to its full stress, he roared magnificently: "I don't give a — whether you vote for me or not." He subdued the crowd, and was elected.

The Benedick—Don't you bachelors get awfully homesick at times? The Bachelor—Yes, thank heaven, we do.

Bates—What do you think is the reason so few women obey their husbands? Henpeck—I guess it's because when they married they promised to do so.

Muggins—I have made it a habit always to think before I speak.

Duggans—I suppose that accounts for your putting your foot in it so often.

Can't Say Enough in Their Favor.

Why Miss Gusty V. Campbell Recommends Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to all her Friends who have Stomach Troubles.

"I cannot say enough in favor of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," says Miss Gusty V. Campbell, Little Shipman, Gloucester Co., N.H. Of course Miss Campbell has reasons for making a statement like this and here they are:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia for two months and was always getting worse till advertisements led me to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One box cured me and I can honestly recommend them to anyone suffering from Dyspepsia."

The moral of this is that if you take your stomach trouble before it gets too firm a grip it is easily cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One box cured Miss Campbell.

But as in Miss Campbell's case, stomach trouble if neglected always grows worse. In its worst stages it takes time to cure it. But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it.

In Old Niagara.

WITH a blue sky flecked by white clouds arching a lake of deeper blue with hardly a ripple, Sunday morning at Niagara was as tempting an occasion for utter idleness as ever was afforded to city-tired people. But even the lake seemed to grow dim and distant as half an hour of watching the fugitive boats that were drifting out beyond the New York shore, and in order to keep awake it was necessary to take decisive action. Beyond the gates, as far as one could see, were trees and trees, with just an occasional chimney glancing through the wealth of foliage. "I shall see Niagara," I murmured, with an attempt at firmness; "there is no use in sleeping more than twelve hours a day."

Down on the beach two small boys were scooping out the sand and watching the water insidiously flow into their excavation after the immemorial fashion of children on the lake shore. Two cows were peacefully taking a late breakfast in front of an old stone cottage, and a nag of advanced age was idly wandering along the sidewalk. Verily the world was taking its ease and it was quite absurd to suppose that across the lake there was a city branch of the street grew more peaceful and fragrant as one approached what is called by courtesy the "business part" of Niagara. But he it understood that the whole week-day this historic old spot seems rather above anything like the bustle and just of ordinary traffic. There is a quiet, picturesque St. Mark's with its repose of a century's growth and the summer greenness upon its gray walls. On the wide verandahs of the hotel, taking their Sunday comfort in roomy chairs, were several active persons who had gone to church. "Did you enjoy the service?" asked one of them politely. "The music was very good," I replied discreetly, and looked admiringly upon Lake Ontario, whose waves were as placid and smiling as if they had not tossed about the "Chippewa" the afternoon before, and given more than one passenger reason to be thankful when they were safely landed at Niagara—"off"—the Lake.

It has been said that every district on this continent boasting of rising prices has called itself the Switzerland of America. Hamilton, it is asserted, was the first to make such a proclamation. In like manner, nearly every fertile spot in Ontario where roses and lilies may be grown successfully has taken the proud subtitle, "Garden of Canada." But what over the county of Kent, the village of Niagara, or the city of Niagara, may say, Niagara is the prettiest plot in the aforesaid garden. There are queer little cottages with gables and chimneys, and always a garden. Such familiar, old-fashioned flowers as peonies, fuchsias, mignonette and sweet peas grow in fragrant profusion with a disorderly richness better than any print arrangement of a bed of geraniums "here" and a plot of pansies "there." I caught a glimpse of two dark red chimneys with ivy thickly growing to their highest point, and straightaway became curious as to the building beneath the picturesque roof. It looked like a bit of old England, but on turning the corner I found it was just an ordinary shop with blinds sternly down and somebody's cough-drops advertised on the door. Carriages were seen occasionally in the course of Queen street, and the puffing automobile marred the atmosphere as it pursued its way towards the lake.

Palms began to ring somewhere among the trees, and I recognized the fact that people were going to church. There approached a little girl who bore unmistakable signs of Sunday morning dress. She wore a stiffest and starchiest white pique gown, white stockings of stainless purity, shining patent-leather shoes, and her hair was arranged with the quality that is next to godliness. Her two flaxen pig-tails, tied with blue, stuck out as if they also had been dressed and she gazed severely at me as I very shyly wandered toward "Niagara Park." Nice, clean little maiden! I hope she enjoyed the morning as much as I did. The "Park" is a very early dining room, a band-stand without which no Ontario municipality may hold up its head, and the trees are of surprising variety and age.

As most Canadians know, the Historical Society of Niagara has a pride and enterprise not often found in our left-hand neighbors, and marble slabs mark certain famous old scenes. Very early in her existence Niagara had a newspaper called the "Gleaner," and a grey stone near the lake marks the site of the old office. Long before such things as the Kingston "Whig" and the "Globe" were beginning to enlighten the community Niagara possessed her own paper, which told the people how things were going and how they ought to go. There was a comfortable seat under an old fir tree, and the chimney gradually died away, and were succeeded by a stillness like that which brooded over "Sleepy Hollow." It seemed quite impossible that the people would be coming to the park, and waking the streets into something like animation. It must have been a short-sighted hypnotic power.

But just a step beyond the park was a square gray tower that must belong to old St. Mark's, a church whose dignified age makes Toronto seem so fully modern. There it stood, quaintly beautiful, with the fresh vines almost covering the solid walls beneath and the sunlight touching the top ardently the flowers on the graves and the ivy tendrils. There may be another churchyard in Canada as picturesque as the "Garden of Canada" that surrounds St. Mark's of Niagara, but I doubt it. The very spirit of rest seems to brood over the spot, and yet there is no place in the province where our military history is more touchingly enforced, for in the War of 1812 St. Mark's was in stern reality the Church Militant. Within are tablets that record a story of heroism. At the very entrance is a hatched old block of stone in memory of four officers, three of whom belonged to the Lincoln militia, who "gloriously fell" on May 27, 1812. There is a tablet to the first missionary in the district, Rev. Mr. Addison, who came from West-land, and on the other side of the heavy old doors is a tablet to one who was born in Rathfriland, Ireland. Nearer the chancel is an inscription to Donald Campbell of Argyshire, and to one realized in one small church.

The most interesting memorial in the church is that of Colonel John Butler, the famous leader of the "Volunteer Rangers." There is the story of "Makers of Canada" on the old tombstones that stand beneath the branches of the birch and the pines that make the green loveliness of this quiet corner of Niagara.

There is a stone marked with the name, "Margaret Lavender." There is sure that the woman was like the fragrant, old-fashioned name. There is a plain white stone which tells of how "John McFarland" having been taken prisoner at the capture of Fort George, escaped from Green Bush and died in 1815, a few months after the close of the war. A thistle is carved above the name, and I know just what a sturdy Scot John McFarland must have been and how hard it was to hold

him captive. But there is another stone near the old fence, the inscription on which is the most suggestive I have read. It is a native of Scotland who rests beneath and he died just a hundred years ago, in 1804. He was not a soldier, he said, but a man who by "industry in the paths of commerce won a competency equal to his wishes and retired to a farm where he lived with frugal simplicity." Think of it, ye founders of colleges and givers of libraries! Andrew Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan might well envy the man who had a "competency equal to his wishes." But is it possible that the tombstone is not telling the truth? I should like to ask the native of Scotland about it, but as Sir Edwin Arnold said of the wearer of the green-and-gold slippers, he "has been such a very long time away" that one can only surmise and remain unbelieving. Two women wearing elaborate gowns with a silken rustle that could be heard across the river swept by and gazed curiously at the old stone and its tale of "frugal simplicity." The green-and-lace parasols seemed sadly out of keeping with the dust of the old settlers, and even the robins hopped about more freely when the silk skirts were out of sight and hearing.

Where the shadow of the pines was darkest were two tiny graves, almost sunken, and looking from under the branches one could see the gleam of the river and the shores of another country beyond with the "Stars and Stripes" floating peacefully above the stretch of forest. War and its horrors seemed so very far away on a Sunday morning near the old church from which came the notes of the organ and the closing words of the service. Old Niagara is abundantly "worth while," were it only the sight of the hollyhocks and poppies in the pretty gardens and the glimpse of quiet, picturesque St. Mark's with its repose of a century's growth and the summer greenness upon its gray walls. On the wide verandahs of the hotel, taking their Sunday comfort in roomy chairs, were several active persons who had gone to church. "Did you enjoy the service?" asked one of them politely. "The music was very good," I replied discreetly, and looked admiringly upon Lake Ontario, whose waves were as placid and smiling as if they had not tossed about the "Chippewa" the afternoon before, and given more than one passenger reason to be thankful when they were safely landed at Niagara—"off"—the Lake.

CANADIENNE.

Nat Goodwin's Humane Way.

WHEN Nat Goodwin, the actor, was in St. Louis last spring he and himself hunted for one morning after the performance. It was too late and too early to get anything to eat from the hotel bar, and the clerk directed him to Olive street all-night restaurant. Goodwin, in the face of a more prosperous diet, has retained a passion for apple-pie, and when he had climbed upon a slab of his favorite pastry and proceeded to devour it.

His content was great as he put the juicy morsel away but of a sudden his expression turned to one of startled dismay. He stopped chewing, and his features were convulsed for a moment as he put his fingers to his lips and removed a bullet.

Sternly he summoned the waiter, and in a tone of delicate sarcasm addressed him thus:

"Ah! I see that you shoot your ples in St. Louis. I consider that a particularly brutal way to kill a pie."

The startled waiter summoned the manager.

"Now, the humane way to kill a pie," continued Goodwin, "is first to chloroform it, then sever its jugular vein. I have a friend who is a head pie-kicker in Armour's packing-house in Chicago. He advocates the ax. Other authorities contend that the proper way to kill a pie is to hang it up by the heels, cut its throat and let the juice run out. Never let me hear of your killing an apple-pie with bullets again. That's the way to kill ducks, not pies."

"That's not a bullet," said the manager. "It's a piece of solder that dropped into the can. We make our pies of canned fruit."

"Worse still," said Goodwin. "It's not union pie, and as a member of the Amalgamated Pie-Bitters I protest against anything being 'canned.'"

"That fellow's plum dippy!" said the waiter, staring after the retreating actor.

Natural Perversity.

Crawford—I suppose a man gets just as much good advice as he does bad. Crabshaw—Yes, but he is not as likely to follow it.

Lever's V-Z (Vase Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects it.

He—I hope, darling, that your father isn't anxious about your future. She—Oh, no! It's about yours.

"Look here, sir, you've always paid me before."

"But before I never owed you enough to make it an object."

"OLD MULL" Scotch

VICHY
NATURAL MINERAL WATER
French Republic Property

Stimulates the action of the liver and kidneys. It possesses the rare quality of being a tonic without reactionary effects. It is a delightful table water. Taken at meal time it stimulates the appetite, aids digestion, and has a refreshing effect upon the entire system, which makes one feel stronger in body and of a clearer, brighter and happier mind.

Spring CÉLESTINS Spring

Beware of Imitations—So-called Vichy in siphons or soda fountains is not Vichy. The genuine Vichy is sold in bottles only, and each bottle has a tri-color neck label bearing the name of BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Montreal, sole agents for Canada, and figuring on the label, cork and capsule is the name of the spring, which is:

Teacher's HIGHLAND CREAM. Recommended by Physicians. Drunk by Connoisseurs. GEO. J. FOY, Agent, TORONTO.

Orange Meat is the Best of the Wheat. The very essence of cereal goodness and nutriment—mixed with another product which adds flavor and pleasant taste. Ready to serve—hot or cold.

This Silverware is Free with the Cereal. Coupons in every 15c. package are redeemable at our address. Heavy silver-plated teaspoons in sets of six, dessert and tablespoons in sets of three, beautiful silver sugar shells and new pattern butter knives—these are the free premiums.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ORANGE MEAT—SEND US THE COUPONS. THE FRONTENAC CEREAL CO., Ltd., 43 SCOTT ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Most Delicious of Thirst Quenchers. SPECIAL Extra Mild ALE.

A drink that cools and satisfies—that refreshes and invigorates. A luxury on hot days. The most delightful and healthful of all summer beverages.

Drink all you like of O'Keefe's Ale. It's extra mild—brewed specially—won't make you bilious.

It's a rich, old, creamy brew—pure, of course—and clear as crystal. No dregs or sediment.

O'Keefe's Special Lager is like O'Keefe's Ale—a particular brew for particular people—with the delicious flavor that age and purity give to lager.

O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Porter is neither bitter nor heavy.

An uncommonly fine old brew. Free of sediment.

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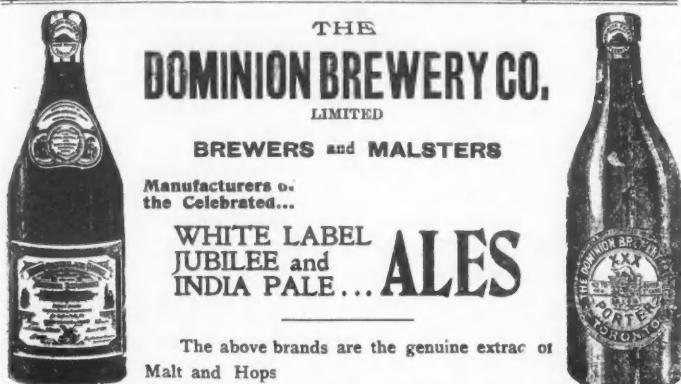
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Monday, the 22nd inst., is the date we've set for opening up the new furs. In the meantime we're taking orders for fur jackets—Persian Lamb jackets especially. Those who choose now get first pick of the choicest skins—that means a great deal.

Beautiful Lustrous Curl, strictly No. 1 Persian Lamb Jackets to order, special **\$125.00**
If you prefer to have a Mink-trimmed Jacket, we'll supply one to order of strictly No. 1 grade selected Persian Lamb skins, and strictly No. 1 Mink revers, collar and cuffs, for **\$145.00**

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Reviews of Books

MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH was chosen to complete Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives," and this choice alone would indicate how he seemed among the literary men of England. Only critics of marvellous discernment could tell where the story of "Tusitila" flowed into "St. Ives," closing narrative. Mr. Quiller-Couch is a Cornishman who has the Celtic love of fight and the Celt's shy belief in mystery in his veins. Wherefore, when we pick up his latest story, "Fort Amity," it is with the fond expectation of being worthily entertained. We are introduced to Eustachius John a Cleeve of the 4th Regiment of Foot, who is reading a letter from his cousin, Dick Montgomery, who, on the morning of July 5, 1758, was away in Halifax, while John was near Thunderoga. Here is a glimpse of the place where France and England met.

The scene is known to-day for one of the fairest in the world. Populous cities lie near it and pour their holiday-makers upon it through the summer season. Trains whistle along the shore under the forests; pleasure steamers, with music, their decks, shoot across bays churned of old by the paddles of war-canoes; from wildernesses where Indians lurked in ambush smile neat hotels, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandahs; and lovers, wandering among the hemlocks, happen on a clearing with a few turfied mounds, and see themselves on these last ruins of an ancient fort, nor care to remember even its name.

How did an English writer catch so surely the beauty of our lakes as the author does in this description?—"The mountains rimmed it, amethystine, remote, delicate as carving, as vapours almost transparent; and within the rim it twinkled like a great cup of champagne held high in a god's hand—so high that John a Cleeve, who had been climbing ever since old times, left Albany, seemed lifted with all these flashing boats and uniforms upon a platform where men were heroes and all great deeds possible, and the rare air laughed in the veins like wine."

In spite of John a Cleeve's inspiring surroundings, we are morally certain that he is going to get into a lot of trouble as inevitably encompass a hero. Sure enough! He is taken prisoner by the French, and since Howe has fallen he hardly cares. "Wonderful how young and gallant and brave and brains together will grip hold of men and sway their imaginations! But how rare the alliance, and on how brittle a hazard resting! An amazing bullet—a stop in the heart's pulsation—and the star we followed has gone out, God knows whither. The hope of fifteen thousand lives broken and sightless in a forest glade. They assure us that nothing in this world perishes, nor in the firmament above it; but we look up at the black space where a star has fallen, and know that something has failed us which to-morrow will not bring again."

The French sergeant in charge of John is murdered by one of the Indians—and if ever the earth was well rid of a man who never existed, it was blessed in being rid of Sergeant Barbour. So John comes to Fort Amity and is for a time forced to play the part of a French sergeant. In the meanwhile he falls in love with Madeleine Diane, the daughter of the commandant of the fort. But when John is in danger of being discovered he tells Diane that he is an Englishman and, with her assistance, escapes with the fugitive guide, Menewehna. Thus John a Cleeve goes away to a home among the natives and becomes one of themselves. His wounds and sufferings have made him seem like a dream. But a day comes when he and Menewehna stand near the British forces again and John turns wearily away, deciding that the life he leads is home to him. But even as Menewehna rejoices, "across the valley in Fort Niagara the British drums were sounding the reveille. John a Cleeve heard Menewehna's voice lamenting the broken pipe. He stood staring across at the fort. He saw the river-gate open, the red-coats moving there, relieving guard. He saw the red-coats balliards shake out the red cross of England in the morning sunlight. And still, like a river, rolled the music of British drums. The ice had slipped from the rock and lay around its base in ruin, and the music which had loosened it still sang across the valley."

So John finds his way back to his own, but persists in the old way of life until the British take Fort Amity, when he saves the life of Diane, who with her husband stands for all that was best in New France. The chapters which describe the change from the old regime are bright and glowing as the sunsets of the old world which Bateau guided the enemy. As Montreal finally gives herself up to the British, "the half of North America was changing hands at this moment, and now a line two miles' distance diminished it all. What child's play it made of the rattling drums! Above the old-fashioned squares instead of the golden lilies it had borne yesterday was the one and only sign, the easily discerned, of reversal in the fates of the two nations. The steeples and turrets of Montreal, the old wind-mill, the belfry and high-pitched roofs of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, the massive buildings of the seminary and the Hotel Dieu, the spire of the Jesuits, rose against the green, shaggy slopes of the mountain, and over the mountain the sky panted tranquilly toward evening."

There is a searching flash-light picture of the struggle fifteen years later in 1776, when the "American" colonists, led by the Dick Montgomery who had once been a British officer, attempt in vain to take Quebec. The struggle which belongs to military men of the best type. He was an adventurer who changed sides when he thought he would profit by doing so, and Mr. Quiller-Couch has hard work to make him appear heroic.

More pleasing is the picture of the reconciled lovers who met and were happy at last. So let these gentle, hundred years late, salute the meeting of two lovers, who, before they met and were reconciled, suffered much. The story is told in a simple, direct, and unadorned manner, which is a pleasure to the reader. The story is told in a simple, direct, and unadorned manner, which is a pleasure to the reader.

Mr. Louis N. Tracy writes the sort of book that ought to go as a serial in the "Argosy." His yarns have plenty of action, a flavor of mystery and a way of making every one rich and happy in the end that pleases the youthful reader and gives one a comfortable feeling. In "The Pillar of Light" he takes the reader away off to a lighthouse and proceeds to introduce a hero who must be some one very fine in disguise, for his language is elegant and occasionally scientific, while his manner is that of an exiled earl who cannot hide the fact that his ancestors were chums of William the Conqueror. There is also an "American" millionaire, whose first name is Cyrus, and who plays the part of benevolent capitalist in an entirely artistic fashion. As has been suggested by one reviewer, the narrative divides honors so evenly between England and the United States that the calculating critic begins to suspect the author of bidding United States readers who will doubtless be pleased with the international marriage. The days of Dickens are over and the modern English novelist takes no chances on offending the fair young readers of Kalamazoo and Nebraska. "The Pillar of Light" is not a narcotic. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen.)

The literary sensation of last week was a poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which appeared in the London Times. It possesses the Virgilian title, "Things and the Man," but, like much of Mr. Kipling's preaching poetry, is decidedly Hebrew in tone. In fact he takes a text from the Book of Genesis—"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren; and they hated him yet the more." The Joseph of Mr. Kipling's five verses is, of course, Mr. Chamberlain, who deserves much better stanzas than Mr. Kipling has seen fit to write concerning him. As has been said before, those who believe in a life of "art's sake" will be ready to fling up their hands and exclaim, "This may be patriotism—it may be politics—but where is the poetry?" The fourth stanza is nearly the Kipling who wrote "The Hymn Before Action" and "The Flowers" before any other lines in the production: Thrones, powers, dominions block the view. With episodes and underlings, The meek historian deems them true, Nor needs the song that Clio sings. The simple, central truth that stings. The mob to boot, the priest to ban. Things and the Man, that's the song. Once on a time there was a man.

Canadians have not forgotten that Mr. Charles George Douglas Roberts belongs to a Maritime Province of the Dominion, however much of a New Yorker he may have become. He has written very little poetry lately, but has turned his attention to that modern literary mine, the short story, and that particular class of short story described by "Annie" in the "Jungle Books," which seem unlikely to have a successor. Some of the stories in Mr. Roberts' latest book, "Watchers of the Trails," have already appeared in the magazines, but if they have been read with appreciation one is all the more ready to have them safely "collected." "The Freedom of the Black-Faced Ram," "The Master of Golden Pool" and "The Little People of the Sycamore" are some of the friends whom the Watchers of the Trail meet and enjoy. The same keenly regretted the subtle and stylish of the author. The book is attractive in make-up, and ought to appeal to readers of all "nature" books.

It is a somewhat curious circumstance that at this time stories of the sea are enjoying popularity. Conrad, Connolly, Duncan, Bullen and Jacobs are all read eagerly, and aside altogether from the charm of the writers, isn't there something significant in this thirst for sea stories? It may be that in our material age we turn to the ocean for relief from the city's noise and dust and money-making, to get back to the things that are more excellent. The sailors may be a bit lost, "Reeling down the Ratcliffe Road, Drunk, and raising Cain—" but there are fresh air and elemental force, and it is good to be blown about and to feel that there are mysteries in the water under the earth" which defy the persons who "peep and botanize." Conrad, more than any other, impresses us with the darkness and the dull green glooms of the sea, and brings to us the very magic of the East. Who can forget the gladness of "Youth" in sailing away in Java, or the awful mist that followed the Captain who reached "The End of His Tether"? Conrad comes from Poland, though English is his adopted tongue, and all the wild poetry of his race is in his interpretation of the waves. Jacobs is the jolly sailor, whose yarns of mock dance and hornpipes Norman Duncan has made the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador his own, and gives us the strong, stern lessons of the ocean that is always crying "go home." There is a simple, brave people, who toll and love and die near the grey waters that have claimed so many of their kin.

Far away in England there is an old poet who knows more of the lure of the ocean than any of the story-writers. Algernon Charles Swinburne has written some things that would have been better unwritten, but his verses of the sea are among the most exquisite poems in the English language. The music haunts one like "the ghost of a garden that fronts the sea," and even the waves of the German Ocean, with their "miles and miles and miles of desolation," have drawn him by their very loneliness. There is a wonderful poem

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of a girl who has lived in a lighthouse on a lonely island, and who has been taken away to a beautiful inland home that she may learn the things that others know. But she grows homesick and heartick among the glow of the poppies and the wheat, for the dashing waves and the cries of the gulls. It is the old cry of "Thalatta" on the lips of the sea-born. Swinburne says nothing more than the truth in the lines:

"Yours was I born, and ye,
The sea, wind and the sea,
Made all my soul in me
A song forever.
A harp to string and smite
For love's sake of the bright
Wind and the sea's delight,
To fall them never."

J. G.

Ideas Without Brains.

THE mad inventor is a well-known character in fiction. He is generally pictured as a man who has spent a fortune in vain efforts to perfect the most impossible articles.

This person, however, does not exist in fiction only, but is a character drawn from a similar class of people in real life. There are hundreds of people who have invented what one might call impossible articles, and have spent fortunes trying to place them on the market.

Some of the ideas of these people are indeed strange, and the following invention, which was made of iron, so that they would form a small box on each foot.

These boxes, according to the inventor, would be filled with charcoal in the winter, and broken ice in the summer. Thus, he said, the man who bought the boots would not suffer with the cold in the winter, and his peddlar's extremities would be kept cool in the summer.

Those were not the only advantages. The boxes would never wear out, and never have to be repaired. There was one thing, however, the inventor forgot, and that was the weight. Each foot weighed five pounds, so that if his boots had been put on the market, every buyer would have found it rather a difficult thing to walk comfortably.

Of course the application for patent was refused, for obvious reasons. Another man applied for a patent for "an umbrella hat." The headgear was weird to look at, and was made of thin iron. Around the edges there was a roll of machinery, worked on the roller-belt system. Thus, when it commenced to rain the wearer had only to pull down the waterproof to protect himself from the wet.

The inventor, however, forgot to put a space for the wearer's face, so that the buyer of the hat would have been like a blind man. Another thing he did not think of was the appearance. If he expected people to walk about looking like bell-tents he was mistaken, and it was partly through this that the invention never came to anything.

Hats seem to have rather a fascination for would-be inventors, for another gentleman applied for a patent for our material, as we turn to "The Headgear" had a small chamber in the crown, into which ice was placed. Whether the patent was granted or not is unknown.

Perhaps the weirdest idea of any was that of a man who said he would make ocean traveling fast and safe. He proposed to erect an overhead wire from New York to England, and through the wire ships were to obtain electricity, with which to drive their machinery. The inventor said that the advantages of such a system were numberless; but when asked how he was going to support the wire, he said he had not thought of that. Thus another great idea came to nothing.

Another man also went to see a patent agent with an idea for fast ocean traveling, but his idea differed from the one above.

His plan was to have an endless cable from New York to Ireland, and boats were to be hung on this cable, and whisked over to New York or Ireland in two or three minutes. The cable was to be driven by two tremendous engines, one at each end of the line.

What have happened to the boats if the cable broke, and where the cable to stand such an enormous strain could be made, he did not explain.

An airship, to be drawn along by a

plant magnet attached to a pole in front of it; a pair of skates, driven by motors; a wonderful automatic hair-cutting and shaving machine, with a bootblackening outfit also, are some of the ideas sent to patent agents.

It will thus be seen that the life of a patent agent is by no means a happy one.

Here's Good Hot Weather News.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Prove Their Value as a Tonic.

Doctors Failed to Help Amos Stewart of Goderich, but Dodd's Kidney Pills Built Him Up.

Goderich, Ont., Aug. 8 (Special).—

The value of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a tonic has been proved by Mr. Amos Stewart, flour miller, of this town. In speaking of his cure Mr. Stewart says: "I had been very poorly for about a year and though I was treated by two doctors I kept losing flesh all the time till I was down to 145 pounds."

"Then I commenced using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in ten days I gained six pounds. I am still gaining a little every day, and I am feeling better in every way, and I feel that I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are nature's own tonic. They cure the kidneys. Cured kidneys take all poison out of the blood. It is the poison in the blood that causes the loss of strength and energy and flesh that makes a tonic necessary.

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THE Meister Glee Singers of Great Britain, an organization of twelve years' standing, will make a tour of the entire Dominion this season. It is said that they have developed a wondrous mastery of the art of glee singing, and are noted for the delicacy of their shading. Toronto, of course, will be one of the first cities to be visited.

Mme. Galski, who will probably be heard in Toronto during the season, is making her first concert tour of America this year. She has had a very successful career. She made her operatic debut at Berlin when she was seventeen, and created such a furore that she was re-engaged for the succeeding four years. During that period she sang leading roles in all the standard operas. Mme. Galski was one of the star soloists at Covent Garden, London, for three years, and also at Bayreuth. Since 1885 she has sung in the United States with the Metropolitan Opera Company, under both Grau and Conradi, and her artistic fame has grown with each season.

The famous piano teacher, Dr. Ernest Jedlicka, it is announced by cable, is dead at Berlin, Germany. While to the general public his name was not so well known as that of Leschetizky, his value as an instructor was a matter of common repute among the profession. In fact, several of the advanced pupils of our best piano teachers were sent to him to receive finishing touches. Among them may be mentioned Mr. Douglas Bertram, son of the late G. H. Bertram, M.P., and Mr. Leslie Hodgson, both pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, an organist of the Centenary Church, Hamilton. Dr. Jedlicka was a Russian by birth and an intimate friend of Rubinstein and Tschalkowsky. He will probably be succeeded on the staff of the Star Conservatory of Music by Herr Martin Krause, the eminent piano teacher who has for many years been associated with the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, and who counts among his pupils many of the most brilliant Canadian players.

The London "Times" makes a timely protest against the constant use of the vibrato in the playing of string instruments. It says in reference to the playing of the boy prodigy, Von Vecsey: "Some hearers get a little tired of a perpetual vibrato in slow passages, simulating the expression of emotion which older performers often feel, but which must be beyond the experience of a little boy. The effect produced, in spite of the fine tone, was that of an ignorant organist's unceasing use of the 'vox humana' stop."

Paris seems to have gone crazy over Johann Strauss's operetta "Die Fledermaus." This exceedingly pleasing work was produced at the Varieties about ten weeks ago, and the theater has been crowded at every performance. The management of the theater has, in consequence, resolved to change the name of the house to "L'Opere Francaise" and to devote it henceforth to a revival of the old pieces of French and German operetta. One would think that it would be a paying game to revive the old popular operettas in the United States and Canada. As to the "Fledermaus," one may expect it to find its way to Toronto in the course of a few years or when it is becoming stale for the time in Europe.

The Toronto College of Music opens its seventeenth season on Thursday, September 1. Additions have been made to the teaching staff in each department. This year promises to be the best in the history of the college, many new pupils having already been registered. Students are prepared as teachers or for operatic, concert or church work. The handsome new calendar is now issued and will be sent to any address upon application.

The reported find published in the German papers of an opera by Wagner, among the papers of King Ludwig, is evidently a hoax. It is supposed to be a sacred opera "Sarras" and to have been written for the mad King of Bavaria, who was to have been the only person to hear it, at one of the solitary performances in which he delighted. The report went on to give an account of the opera, its first scene in Eden, with Adam and Eve singing a love duet beneath an apple tree, and the serpent occasionally making it a trio; the burning of Sodom, the tableau of Lot's wife, and the fall of Babylon. The opera was to further said to have been written by Wagner, but was to last fifteen hours, but with luncheon after the first act, dinner after the second, eight hours' sleep after the third, breakfast next day after the fourth, and so on. It would take a highly glib person to believe such nonsense.

A well-known musical critic was in a London newspaper office on the eve of the Derby, when one of the staff asked him to join in a modest shilling "sweep." The musician explained he knew nothing about horse-racing, but did not mind the shilling. He evidently drew a dead horse or a blank, for half an hour later he was leaving, his friend put his head in the room and said: "Very sorry, old fellow, but you have lost." But the musician, as he wended his way homeward, reflected: "I know Jones to be a strictly honest man. But how on earth did he know that I had lost, when the race is not to be run till to-morrow?"

At the recent summer school musical festival at Raleigh, N.C., Miss Res-

sie Bonsall secured a great ovation. The concert was crowded with music-lovers from all the maritime Southern States, and were such a success that the management have decided to hold them annually. The Raleigh "News and Observer" says of Miss Bonsall's singing: "Miss Bonsall, the contralto, sang her way into the hearts of her audience at once and was given a tremendous ovation at the close of her number. Her voice is a noble contralto of much breadth and beauty, her enunciation faultless."

The Toronto Conservatory of Music have again issued a very handsome annual calendar of some 150 pages, full of information for students of music, literature, etc. It will be mailed to any address. The Conservatory will reopen on the first day of September.

Mr. Arthur Blight, the well-known baritone and teacher of singing, sails for Montreal August 23, for London, England, where he has been studying with William Shakespeare, and will resume teaching about September 5.

In the Philadelphia "Etude" Mr. J. S. Van Cleave has a sensible article on "Vocal Energy in Music." It which refers to the facts that Leschetizky loves to pronounce the two English words "hard work" with intense scorn, and that he is always annoyed with Americans because they seem, as he thinks, to believe that the one desideratum in musical achievement is the same as the pioneer conquests over a primitive forest. "Vocal energy," says Mr. Cleave, "is not a matter of mere work, however, will always be misdirected energy in music unless the worker has a special talent and calling for that art. He may learn to play notes on the piano with meteoric speed and yet not be a real musician. What is needed is more addition to self-testing on the part of students, in order that the most important of all factors in art life—natural endowment—may be gauged."

It is reported that Hans Richter stated at the close of the London, Eng., opera season that the Covent Garden orchestra was superior to the operatic orchestras in Vienna, Munich and Bayreuth.

Macmillan & Co., the book publishers, London and New York, announce a new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," as revised by Fuller Maitland. The first volume may be expected in October.

London, be it said once more, has endorsed the opinion of the continent in regard to the boy violinist, Franz von Vecsey. The Queen took a great fancy to the boy. He calls all ladies who are kind to him, "aunt," the Queen he addressed as "Aunt Queen." He is never allowed to see a newspaper, and does not know that such things are written. "The concert room," says the "St. James's Gazette," "is a kind of fairyland to him, and his concert, to the platform amid roars of applause are excellent fun. He criticizes himself after his concerts with admirable frankness. 'I did not play the Bach as well as I should have liked, but I played the Paganini as well as I have ever done. Do you not think so?' No one has ever told him that Bach is looked upon as the greatest of composers, but he loves the music of Bach far better than anything else." At his next public appearance he will play the Beethoven Concerto, in which Joachim is now coaching him.

Japan, according to all accounts, is the country of the violinist. It is the great utterance of popular feeling and must be taken seriously, although there is no point of contact between the music of Japan and that of Europe. At present the violinists are all warlike, and every event that takes place furnishes matter for song. The "Old Battlefield" is very pathetic, but the most popular leader sing the stories of the rising sun. "The eagle," says a late song, "flies far, but the rising sun illuminates the world." The lyrics of these lyrics one must imagine a group of boys and girls in the bright-hued colors of the East, intoning "Slay, slay, slay, the sword breaks, the sword breaks before surrender." It is the refrain of another, while a third cries: "Forward, forward, heroes of Japan. The flag of the rising sun embodies our hopes. Peace is hidden in the sword. It is in the smoke of the gun." The music to which these songs are sung is described as unenjoyable for European ears, and travelers acquainted with the music of China and Japan endorse the opinion of a German music critic that "in no conservatory in Europe was there ever such a 'sing against music' as the Chinese national hymn, and the Japanese music resembling it closely, the verdict of the critic will hold true for it also. The Japanese national hymn is musically worthless and is not adapted to arouse either the public or the fighting men. For my part, the writer continues, 'I would rather sit every day for an hour long to a German village band than hear the Japanese national hymn once a week.' These are partially the impressions of visitors, and like most of such impressions are superficial and exaggerated. Perhaps when we become more familiar with Japanese music opinions may change respecting it, as they have in the case of Japanese art.—The "Musician."

At the close of a concert on board an ocean steamship during the past summer an attempt was made by the passengers to sing both "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "God Save the King." There were in the party 24 American passengers and 24 of English birth. When the air of "America" was struck up, it was revealed that not enough of the 24 Americans were familiar with the words of that song to carry it through the first stanza! The English smiled, with the collapse of "America" the fun came for "God Save the King" and every one of the 24 Eng-

lish men and women knew the words and sang the song through lustily. At a great children's festival near New York, about the same time, a similar state of affairs was revealed; it was impossible for the children to sing audibly the words of more than one verse of "America." A goodly percentage of United States people cannot correctly repeat the words of the first stanza of "America." One reason for this is that they have practically been taught to sing "America," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Red, White and Blue."

Mr. W. Y. Archibald has returned from a six weeks' vacation and will resume his classes in voice culture at his studio at Nordheimer's on Monday, August 15.

CHERUBINO.
A Little Book About Women.

WE like that little boy who, when somebody quoted "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said: "No; my mother is the noblest work of God." He was right, we are sure, so right that Robert Burns, could he have heard him, would have given him a prettier touch. But there are other women. Good, bad, cunning, thinking, plotting, loving, hating, pleasing, weeping, heart-breaking, heart-aching, fascinating, repelling—but even the dictionary can hardly contain the adjectives which women can claim. They are all set down in a little book which we who read of "Woman" and "The Wits." In this volume are gathered together more than we can count of the witty things which the wittiest and wisest men of all the ages have said of women.

It is not, we think, the fairest regard that could have been made of other men's follies; the sweetness of the rose is almost lost among so many unlovely things. But he who has read through this little book, whatever he may think of all else in it, will agree with one thing; he will believe that

the one who has read the book that is called woman knows more than the one who has grown pale in libraries.

It is a wonderful book, the book called woman, published in the Garden of Eden, bound in silks and satins and rags, read by millions in every generation, having more influence in the world than all other books that ever were written, and all the things that ever were born.

"There is something of woman in everything that pleases," says one of the wise men which make up this book of love and hate which we find here, and it is as true, perhaps truer, than that other saying:

A woman dies twice: the day that she quits life and the day that she ceases to please.

The subtle charm of woman has made the world go round. If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the face of the world would have been changed, said Pascal, anticipating Byron's

What lost a world and made a hero? A tear in Cleopatra's eye; and the thought is thus expressed in this book:

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments.

He who looks for vitticisms about a woman's tongue is not disappointed; it was a woman who said:

Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust.

"Two women," said Shakespeare, "make cold weather," which rather contradicts much of what we hear of women's tongues. It was a cruel man who wrote that "Hell is paved with women's tongues." But it was a man, too, who wrote one of the best things here:

Silence has been given to woman the better to express her thoughts.

The worst enemy of a woman is a woman, and some of the bitterest things said of women have, it is true, been said by themselves. Did not Mme. de Staël declare that "I am glad I am not a man, as I should be obliged to marry a woman?" It is a severe indictment of female taste, too, which Mlle. de Lespinasse delivered when she said:

A woman would be in despair if Nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.

although it is doubtless true.

Men, said Victor Hugo, are women's playthings; women the devil's; and it was somebody we do not know who said that "women know a point more than the devil." Life, said Addison, is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in, and the poet would perhaps have fathered this saying:

A coquette is a woman who places her honor in a lottery; ninety-nine chances to one that she will lose it.

"Between a woman's yes and no," Cervantes said, "I would not venture to stick a pin," and there have been many of the world's great men who have disbelieved in the serious side of women. Often enough in this book they are treated as children or as villains. When women cannot be reformed," it is said, "they do as children do—they cry," and one remembers that George Eliot said of one of her characters:

I dare say she's like the rest of the women—she'lls two and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.

And it is probably as true as it is brief that "tears are the strength of women." Yet there are serious women in the world who are not unlovely, and we like to think that this sweet saying is not true of one age of woman only:

It was woman who was last at the Cross and first at the grave.

"They govern the world, these sweet-lipped women," said the Autocrat, and it was another maker of pretty phrases who said:

There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.

Yet we read again that

Woman is the crime of man. She has been his crime since Eden. She wears on her flesh the trace of six thousand years of injustice.

If it is true, it is surely woman's fault that it is true. No power in the world can be compared unto hers. "In

all eras and all climes," Ouida has written, "a woman of great beauty has done what she chose," and it is still true that the true woman can do what she will. But she must be, said Oliver Wendell Holmes, as true as death:

At the first real lie that works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world.

If all our women were so true, it would be superfluous to say, with one of the great minds quoted here: "I have only one advice to give you—fall in love with all women."—London "Daily Mail."

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SOCIETY

THE marriage of Miss Florence G. Ross, daughter of Hon. G. W. Ross, to Mr. R. Ernest Gunn, was quietly solemnized at the residence of the bride's father last Tuesday afternoon. The officiating clergymen were Rev. E. W. Mackay of Madoc and Rev. Dr. John Neil of Westminster church. Miss Mabel Ross acted as bridesmaid, and V. Norman Smallpiece as groomsmen.

Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. Stratton spent last Sunday at the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, N.Y. Mrs. Stratton returned to Toronto for a few days this week.

At the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, the season's gaiety is at its height, and by the excellent provision of the new casino, those who wish to spend quiet evenings can easily avoid the music and the dancing of the bi-weekly hops. The "good times" enjoyed by the guests are largely due to the initiative of Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mrs. Peyton Clark, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Sydam, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Macdonald. There are many Toronto people across the lake, and every Saturday sees a large crowd of week-enders on board the Niagara boat. Last week there were three dances, (the extra being given on the night of the Civic Holiday), and a concert on Friday, followed by a small supper given by Mrs. Fred Cox in the golf clubhouse, at which the guests were Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Walters, Mr. and Mrs. Philip, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Haas, Miss Fleischmann, Mrs. Pilon, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Macdonald. The new golf links over near Fort Mississauga, are the most popular part of the grounds, while the clubhouse is a charming little affair, well equipped with every convenience, and the tea-room, with its olive and crimson coloring, its artistic prints and quaint bits of china, is all that could be desired. The dance last Saturday night was attended not only by guests, but by many of the cottagers and by a number of young United States officers, whose dashing uniforms and wood dancing were approved by the Canadian contingent. Mrs. Sydam looked very well in a handsome hellebore gown; Miss Beldome of London, Ontario, wore a pretty black costume with jet trimming; Miss Wetter, a most attractive Southern girl with fair hair and dark eyes, wore a dainty white gown; and Mrs. Barnard also appeared in this most becoming color. Miss Clare Geary, who has been widely congratulated, looked bright and happy in a fetching gown of blue, while Mrs. Hostetter wore white with touches of cerise. The orchestra was unusually good, and responded to encores most generously. If local theaters would only have a few such players, musical comedy would be much more endurable. Every arrangement has been made for the comfort of those who go merely to look on, and the usual diversion of a stroll down to the lake proved attractive to even the youngest dancers. Last Tuesday the Aquatic Carnival, especially entertaining to the youthful sportsmen, took place. Those who enter most heartily into this feature of summer pleasure are Mr. McClain, Mr. Gordon Magee, Mr. Fleischmann, Mr. Peyton Clark, Mr. Philip, and the genial manager, Mr. L. M. Boomer. There are, as usual, a good many Southerners among the guests, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Winston Jones of Mobile, Alabama, who are spending their second summer at Niagara and are genial and charming people. St. Louis, Memphis, Norfolk and Baltimore are all well represented. One remarkable circumstance is the presence of a good many youngsters, who are the best-behaved small persons ever encountered at a summer resort. Mrs. Signum "Sandy" and her two little Kathleen and her two baby brothers make a pretty group, and a dainty little lady from Virginia, Miss Elizabeth Whaley, would melt the heart of a New York landlady. The annual fancy dress ball takes place next Saturday.

Miss Gerty Foy has returned from Elmira, N.Y., where she was visiting Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor.

Miss Teresa O'Connor is visiting Mrs. John Foy at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Miss Emily Miller of Bloer street, who was also a guest of Mrs. John Foy, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. J. L. Brodie is visiting in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. O'Hara, 53 Brunswick avenue, have gone to England for a couple of months.

Miss Ida Gracey, eldest daughter of Rev. H. Gracey, Gananoque, who for the past year has been visiting her brother, Mr. A. H. Gracey, at Nelson, B. C., was quietly married in St. Paul's Church there on Monday evening, Aug. 8th, to Mr. Alexander Grant Lowe of Vancouver, B. C. They left immediately for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn are at Wiesbaden, Germany, and will be there for some weeks.

Among the guests at the Welland, St. Catharines are: Mrs. I. A. Hopper, Miss Conkling, Mr. C. B. Titus and Mrs. Titus, of New York; Mrs. Wing, Miss Hopper, of Hackensack, N.J.; Mr. W. Beilham, Miss Beilham, Montreal; Mrs. Wells, Mrs. E. H. Wells, Guelph; Miss Connor, Berlin; Miss E. Greenwood, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Jerrold Hall, Mrs. F. A. Moore, Miss

Lockwood, Mrs. James Bain, Miss E. Clarkson, Toronto; Mr. A. A. Slaght, Buffalo; Mrs. T. Duncan, Hamilton; Mrs. L. Fellman, Miss E. Fellman, Galveston, Texas.

Miss Violet Towers, daughter of Mr. George J. Towers, formerly of St. Catharines and now of Toronto, was married last Monday at St. Thomas's rectory, St. Catharines, to Mr. Albert E. H. Kent of Winnipeg. Miss Florence Schram of St. Catharines was bridesmaid and Mr. R. L. Schram was best man. Rev. W. H. Vance, B.A., performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by only a few intimate friends. After the wedding the bridal party drove to "The Fifteen," the camp where the bride and members of her family have been spending the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Kent left on Tuesday for Winnipeg.

Miss Evelyn and Miss Edith Parker, of the Fort William Conservatory of Music, will be at home at 572 Jarvis street till the 1st of September.

Once more Toronto found itself in a receptive mood and welcomed Private Perry with heart, hand and lungs last Tuesday night. The soldiers and their part manfully and well, but the citizens left much to be desired in ordinary discretion. The music was inspiring, the tattoo a brilliant affair, and the fireworks went off most effectively. But the disorder and utter disregard for the officials who were attempting to restrain the crowd were a painful exhibition for really patriotic citizens to witness and must have been rather appalling to the "hero" himself, who was lucky in escaping a flesh wound and a broken limb. Perry deserved all the kind things said about him, and the sensible modesty he displayed was a model to young Canada. But the mob that crushed and jammed until women fainted and ambulances were summoned while the University grounds were shamefully trampled, was supremely ridiculous. Many people wondered why the city authorities chose a grandfather's clock as a municipal token of appreciation, and truly the cumbersome affair looked remarkably like a coffin as it was conveyed from the wagon to the platform. There it bravely stood, with an occasional wavering motion, until the final stampede came and the platform gave way, when the grandfather's timepiece joined in the general collapse and suffered internal injury. The handsome cabinet of silver was saved from harm, and the clock, we rejoice to hear, will soon be restored to its wonted vigor. It is to be hoped that Toronto crowds have learned a lesson as to senseless pushing and scrambling. Vancouver has threatened to outdo Toronto in the way of a "welcome," and insurance agents are hunting up the marksmanship of the Empire to urge upon him extra policies. However, we are all proud of Perry and wish him the best of luck. There has never been quite such a striking scene in front of the University as the spectacle during the tattoo of the massed bands, the surging thousands and the brilliant rockets falling in a rain of crimson, blue, green and gold. The Hamilton Highlanders won immediate popularity, and fine, dashing chaps are these soldiers from the City of the Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson of Toronto have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Appleby, "Northcote Hall," Cobourg.

The residence of Rev. E. Bosworth of Tillsonburg was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday, August 3rd, when his daughter, Charlotte Lillian, was married to Mr. Henry A. Hovey of St. John, New Brunswick. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. F. Oliver. The bride wore a handsome gown of ivory satin, with point lace bertha, and wore a tulle veil caught with orange blossoms. The bride's sister, Miss Mary Bosworth, acted as bridesmaid and wore a dainty gown of pale blue silk trimmed with embroidered chiffon. Her younger sister, Gertrude, was flower girl, and Mrs. E. W. Bosworth of Chicago was matron of honor. Mr. T. L. Armstrong acted as best man. The "Wedding March" was played by Miss Bosworth as the bridal party entered. The decorations in the drawing-room were white asters, palms and smilax, and the ceremony was performed beneath a canopy from which hung a bell of white asters. After the ceremony, in a prettily-decorated marquee on the lawn the wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Hovey left in the afternoon for Montreal and Quebec, and on their return will reside in Stratford.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel L. Campbell, third daughter of Mr. Archibald Campbell, M.P., Toronto Junction, to Mr. James E. Wallbridge, Edmonton, Alberta. The marriage is to take place this month.

Mrs. Sternberg and family have returned from Muskoka, where they have spent a very pleasant holiday at the Windermere House, Lake Rosseau.

Mrs. Alfred Denison sailed for Labrador on August 5.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis is visiting in St. John's, Newfoundland, where her only son, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, is stationed in the Bank of Montreal.

The visitors at Park House, Grimsby Park, have been Mrs. and Miss Robinson, Brampton; Mr. H. M. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and family, Miss Bertha Hastings, Miss Ida Lyon, Mr. Allister McKenzie, Rev. M. L. Pearson, Mrs. A. C. Metcalf and family, Mr. J. A. Stewart, Miss Graham, Mr. Forsey Page, Rev. R. Whiting, Miss Nellie Carman, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. E. Dunbar, Miss J. Pearson, Mr. F. A. Hewson, Mr. H. W. Martin, Mr. G. Elliott Newman, Mr. J. Stanley Stauffer, Toronto; Mr. John A. McCoy, wife and family, Madoc; Miss Florence Blake, Miss Minnie M. Tasker, St. Catharines; Mr. G. M. Torrance, Mr. E. H. Darling, Mrs. A. Torrance, Mr. S. B. Loughall, Hamilton; Mr. Douglas Thomson, Mr. J. Charlesworth, Rev. W. A. McKay and wife, D.D., Clifford Kemp, Mrs. E. Loun, Mrs. M. Gray, Miss G. Culham, London; Mr. Roy E. Secord, Mr. P. H.

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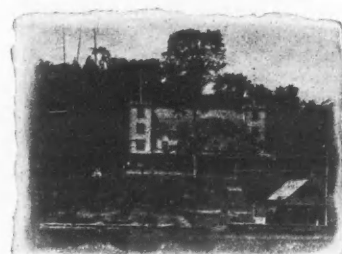
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Two in a room, from \$10 to \$15 per week. Single rooms from \$12 to \$20. In the Bachelors' Hall rented to gentlemen only, the Wigwam to Ladies only, American plan \$5 and \$6 per week. Popular priced Club breakfasts and soc. table d'hôte dinners. Beautiful lawns facing Lake Ontario. Just the place for conventions. CHAS. B. TRUITT, Manager.

The Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

WINNETT & THOMPSON, Proprietors.

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Special rates for June

New Casino, New Golf Links

and greatly improved in every way.

L. M. BOOMER, Manager.

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FIELDS CROSSING, GEORGIAN BAY

OPENS JUNE 15TH.

Fine beach, bathing, boating, groves, excellent table. Terms, apply

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The Penetanguishene

On the Famous Georgian Bay, Penetang, Ont.

30 Acres of Beautiful Park

Bowling Green Finest in Canada.

Fishing the best in Canadian Waters.

Boating. Bathing. Orchestra.

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MUSKOKA LAKE, ONTARIO.

First-class in all its appointments. Post and Telegraph Offices on premises.

Modern sanitary improvements. No hay fever. Fine Sandy Beach for bathing. Fine spring of pure water, eradicates malaria. Steam Yacht in connection with hotel. Good fishing. Furnished Cottages to Let.

Boats and Canoes for hire. Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Swings, Quoits, etc. Grand Piano. Lit with Acetylene Gas. Room for 100 guests. Terms, \$5 to \$10 per week, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. Write R. Stroud, Proprietor, as above, for folder.

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.. Natural Mineral Water ..

Bottled at the "Rhens" Spring in Germany—Rhens on the Rhine.



Its mild and refreshing taste, its natural effervescence, its agreeable flavor and its purity make the "RHENS" Water unrivaled as a *Table Drink* for daily use. It mixes with milk, white or red wines, champagnes, liquors of all kinds and fruit syrups, without affecting either their color or particular properties, and is therefore highly relished by the fastidious.

For Sale at leading Drug Stores and first-class Hotels and Cafes.

Secord, Miss Pearl Secord, Mr. B. James, W. S. C. Hunt, Misses Fyill, Brantford; Messrs. W. K. Humbert, Donald Menzies, Martin Calder, W. Topping, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mr. W. H. Paget, Canboro; Mr. W. Benker, Princeton; Mr. J. J. Hager, Hagersville; Mr. R. H. Montgomery, Orillia; Mr. A. Moyer, Warsaw; Mr. R. Shupe, St. Thomas; Dr. J. E. Anderson, Scotland, Ont.; Mr. G. F. Craig, Hurford, Mich.; Mrs. Dunlop, Napier; Miss Mary Begden, Galt.

Dr. O. H. Ziegler, dentist, of the Forum building, Yonge street, has left for a two weeks' vacation at Pelee Point. The office will be closed during the doctor's absence.

8.00 A.M. and 4.40 P.M.

When you go on your trip to the World's Fair, St. Louis, remember that the World's Fair express leaves Toronto at 8.00 a.m., and is equipped with Pullman sleeper and vestibule coach through to St. Louis, and dining car (serving meals at moderate prices a la carte) Toronto to Port Huron. Another convenient and fast train leaves at 4.40 p.m., with through Pullman sleeper. The weather at the Fair is comparatively cool, and this is a good time to make your trip. In addition to reduced rates in effect, you have an opportunity of visiting in Chicago, Detroit or at any intermediate Canadian station. Reservations, tickets, illustrated literature and full information at Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Judges, Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers and especially the Ladies are delighted with

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The "Peerless" in which Mr. F. W. Baillie made a Canadian record in last Saturday's races.



Leather Articles for the Smoker

TOBACCO POUCHES
in Buck, Antelope, Kangaroo and seal skin.
Prices 50c. up to 2.50.

CIGAR CASES with metal frame, in Seal, Russia, Calf, Sea Lion, Walrus, Pigskin and many other leathers.
Prices 50c. up to 6.00.
Magazine Cigar Cases to hold 25 cigars, 5.00; 50 cigars, 6.00.
Telescope Cigar Cases in Seal, Pig, Calf and solid leather. Prices, 50c. up to 2.00.
Cigarette Cases in all leathers, 50c. up to 5.00.
Catalogue "S" showing the special lines we make in Traveling and Leather Goods mailed free. We pay express in Ontario.


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Easy to Shake Down.
Shaking down common ranges is heavy enough work for a man—it is altogether too heavy for most women.
The "Pandora" range grates are composed of three bars, and each bar bears an equal portion of the coal and ashes, and are "low geared."
The weight thus distributed makes the grates work easily, and the shaking is so light that a child can do it.
Easy management is only one of the strong features of the "Pandora" range. You can know all about it by sending for a free booklet.
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6 TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR
Good for admittance to the grounds at any time or to the grand stand in the afternoon only during all the season.
Canadian National EXHIBITION TORONTO
NUMBER STRICTLY LIMITED
They can be procured at any time before SATURDAY, AUG. 27th from any authorized agents throughout the city.



LADY GAY'S COLUMN

IF any of my readers have the enterprise and good luck to extend their summer holidays into England's first colony, the Terra Nova beyond the eastern point of Cape Breton, they will find themselves bumping over a rather rough bit of railway in the early morning on the way from Port aux Basques, where the railway terminates, to St. John's. It is the only bumpy bit, perhaps, on the long line, and between the bumps are such sweet solace as exquisite scenery, lakes of white and yellow water-lilies, stretches of meadow, and the scent of clover and soft balmy breath of evergreens. In fair weather, through the summer months, the trip through Newfoundland is full of beauty and interest, much of which I told you last year. As a glance at this dear island from the deck of an

Oxygen in the Turkish Bath

When you take a Turkish Bath you should have the best, the kind that not only sweats out the poisonous skin secretions, but fills the system with oxygen at the same time.
Cook's is the only Turkish Bath in Canada that gives a thorough supply of oxygen—it has a ventilating equipment found in no other Turkish Bath.
Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9.30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m.
Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during the day, or all night, including bed, \$1.00.
Cook's Turkish Baths
502-504 King Street West, Toronto

ocean steamer led to my visit to its interior, so a glimpse last summer from the car window, treasured through a twelvemonth, led me to say (very much under my breath) that I should not a second time pass by a certain spot upon the journey with so scant a survey. Let me tell you what I saw last year. A clearing in the forest, a little fence of crossed wires painted snow-white, a wealth of flowers in borders, and back beyond a quaint wide-windowed log house, with the roof running out over a deep verandah, with dormer lattice windows, dimly-frilled, opening here and there, with a couple of huge dogs, a couple of lounging chairs, tethered horses in a paddock, busy chicks in a hen-yard, and again more flowers, bordering a long walk to a vine-bowered tool-house or cellar. When that picture came into view last Sunday I stood not on the order of my going, but with a jump of recognition and a gathering up of books and travelling satchel, I made for the rear door, and scrambled to mother earth. Then, as my wrathful friends jeered my resolve, I made my way to the white wire gate beside the track, and calmly

ly observed the disappearance round the corner of the lake of the train for St. John's, with my deserted companions aboard. Before me stretched a flowery way, beside me strode up a cordial-voiced Berserker in grey flannels, who remarked, "May I carry this for you?" and led the way to the wide verandah, where the big dogs waved tails of welcome and looked up in gentle curiosity at the new comer. Before the shadow of the verandah fell upon me I was glad I had followed the promptings of my tired soul and alighted at this beauty-spot in the forest, known as "Log Cabin." Think of the prettiest country club you know, and this is prettier; breathe the purest, most balmy air you can, and the air about Log Cabin is better; go a-fishing elsewhere and then come here to do it more delightfully; smoke the pipe of peace anywhere on earth, and last of all come to Log Cabin, curl up in a giant arm-chair that takes you in, feet and all, watch the little spruce logs flicker and smoulder in the cavernous brick fire-place, study the soft coloring of the great beams of the ceiling, and the satin sheen of the stripped log walls, here and there good photos, engravings, bits of quaint pottery, furniture, mortised and bolted together, stiff settees or rosy rockers, neat little writing-tables, a few choice books, primitiveness and culture, that so rare and precious fellowship, and as you dream, talk, admire, love it all, tell me if any lodge in the wilderness be fairer than this beauty-spot reclaimed by the Berserker from the virgin forest of Newfoundland. Three happy, restful days spent there, pottering among the flowers, overhauling memories and trading experiences, botanizing, prophesying, wandering at tales of winter and summer that were new and thrilling to dwellers in crowded cities. The daily train brought others—one party of three, a lady bent on catching some unweary fish, and scanty able to await the arrival of a hand-car to take her and her guide mon (they were Glasgow folk), down the line to Harry's Brook, where the salmon would no doubt have rare fun waiting. She put on marvellous rubber waders, killed her petticoats "all about her knees," tied a blue veil over her hat, and mounted the hand-car. I grieve to tell that the salmon of Harry's Brook would have none of her that day, but when on the morrow she arose at daylight (wakening me up, of course), set forth with a huge lunch-bag for the Brook, the salmon realized that they were confronted by the inevitable, and might as well come up to the hook at once. It was good to see that Glasgow lady's face as we sat about the pretty dinner table that night and the demure serving maid brought in a fine smoking salmon for the Berserker to distribute. "The other was larger," said the Glasgow lady, as the pink cubes went to each of us, "but never a fish tasted like this one does." And, sitting up later to brag drowsily of her luck in getting two such beauties, she nodded asleep in her chair.

To-day we drove out of old St. John's to see the Octagon, an hotel nine miles in the country. One hears many tales of the queer character who founded and made famous this resort, and who died two or three years ago there. The eight-sided wooden house of three storeys is certainly most weirdly decorated and furnished. Its curious founder was a theatrical costumer, I fancy, and made lots of the plush and tinsel garments we are familiar with in circus parades. Who he was and whence he came to this remote land no man knoweth, but his home is simply a house unlike others, as the circus tinsel and the plush and tinsel of the hall, rotunda, or whatever you choose to call it, is hung with banners before which those of the L.P.E.S. or the Sons of Ireland would hang their minish heads. Falls of coarse Nottingham lace, bedizened with spangles and tinsel thread, are everywhere. The ceilings are plastered with squares and samples of paper in squares and diamonds. Gruesome photographs of the proprietor in his coffin and of his funeral procession hang among the tinsel embroideries around the dance-hall. In every guest-room upstairs are canopies of tawdry velvet, tinsel and lace over the beds. In the bride's chamber is a wonderful quilt, which the old man spent two years in making, of bits of silk tufted into petals and leaves, and over a thousand petals are in this silken monstrosity. Every bit of the spangled embroidery and sinfully hideous hangings and decorations over the beds in the Octagon is the work of his own hands. His portrait adorns a score of corners. A huge tinsel spider-web stretches across a corner, and among its meshes is caught a fly whose body is a dollar mark; a spider of red satin with tinsel legs crawls upon his victim, and the face of the spider is a photo of the old man of the Octagon. I have never seen anything so horrid, and was beyond measure glad to get away from the weird and vulgar and futile work of a man whose name is a byword in St. John's. As I drove home I fell to contrasting his labors of twenty years, and this hideous tawdriness of the Octagon with the man who in five years built Log Cabin and made it a beauty-spot such as delighted my heart. No greater contrast could be made. It has moved me to write about the two places and get them on paper, that I may be quite sure how much I love the one and loathe the other!

Down beyond the dry-dock a fine vessel sits upon the water, waiting for tomorrow's sun, to sail out into the north. We are expecting a great deal from this Labrador trip! People are here who have just returned from the land of icebergs and Eskimo. They have no sitting words to tell of their pleasure. So I am packing up the gingham and muslin of August and taking out flannels and warm sweaters and for eight days none of us will know nor care whether there's a Russ left in Manchuria or whether the Mikado's head is on or off! For the icebergs and the bears and the Eskimo, and the dear fates only know what beside!

LADY GAY.
St. John's, Nfld., August 4, '04.
Hamilton, Brantford and Woodstock.

Try the new Grand Trunk express leaving Toronto 7.25 p.m., arriving Hamilton 8.15, Brantford 9.10 and Woodstock 9.55 p.m.
Returning trains leave Woodstock 6.25 a.m., Brantford 7.10 a.m., Hamilton 7.55 a.m., arriving Toronto 8.30 a.m., in time for Limited to 1,000 Island, Montreal and Seattle.
Tickets and full information at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Johnny—Pa, what is alimony? Pa—Alimony is the pension paid to the best fighter.



Some of the Toronto people staying at the Royal Muskoka are: Mrs. S. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer of Glenadyth, Mrs. C. C. James, Miss Dot Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre, Mrs. Aubin, Miss Sybil Seymour, Colonel Stinson, Mrs. J. V. Flavelle, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Miss Aimee Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. Foy, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Suckling, the Misses Suckling, Dr. Jerrald Ball, Miss Parsons, Mr. Parsons, Mrs. T. M. Harris and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Dr. Thistle, Other Canadians are: Mr. and Mrs. Hepton, Miss Hepton, St. Catharines, their guest, Lord Suffolk, England; Miss Maud Burnham, Port Hope; Mrs. George Olson, Miss Molson, Montreal; Miss White, Miss Thistle, Misses George and Pansy Mills, Ottawa; Mrs. and Miss Murton, Oshawa; the Rev. R. Burns, Mrs. Burns and the Misses Burns, Brantford.

Among the recent arrivals at the Penetanguishene Hotel are: Dr. A. Wall and Mrs. Wall, Mr. Powell Wall, Mr. Malcolm Wall, Dr. Joseph Eichberg and Mrs. Eichberg, Miss Alice Eichberg, Buffalo; Mr. John D. Moodie, Mrs. Murray J. Mason, Hamilton; Mr. W. Miller, Mr. George P. MacAgy, Toronto; Mr. Joseph Turner, Midland; Miss K. J. Bradshaw, Mrs. W. W. Bradshaw, Mr. Frank E. Bradshaw, Alleghany; Miss E. Maude Morrow, Miss Genevieve E. Morrow, Miss Annie J. Caven, Buffalo; Mr. Charles Leslie Wilson, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. George S. Long, Troy; Mr. M. Forsyth, Toronto; Mr. Claude B. Sanagan, London; Mr. Gordon F. Perry, Toronto; Mrs. G. S. McKee, Miss McKee, Mobile, Alabama; Mrs. G. H. Tucker, Memphis; Dr. E. W. Andrews and Mrs. Andrews, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Schwartz, Miss Edna Schwartz, Miss Ruth Schwartz, New Orleans; Mr. N. Friend, Miss N. Friend, Miss Helen R. Friend, Chicago; Mr. A. G. Huntsman, Miss Edith C. Kent, Toronto; Mr. Charles E. Whitman, Dr. Charles E. S. Goady and Mrs. Goady, New York; Dr. Webster Fox, Philadelphia; Dr. G. Kennedy, Mr. Charles S. Proctor and Mrs. Proctor, Mr. A. H. Finlay, Mr. R. S. MacLeod, Mr. R. S. Coryell, Mr. J. W. Fraser, Mr. Allan J. Kerr, Mr. E. G. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKay, Toronto; Miss John Rycken, Miss Harriet Rycken, Wyoming, Ohio; Mr. W. Seymour Hunt, London.

Recent arrivals at Lakeview Hotel are: Dr. J. W. Lours, Rev. Murdoch McKenzie, Rev. R. P. MacKay, D.D., Mrs. T. G. Malcolm and Master Wilfred Malcolm, Rev. F. C. Stephenson, D.D., Mr. P. Rutherford, Mr. Bert Roadhouse, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Wilson, Mr. J. G. Howard, Rev. G. M. Meacham, D.D., Mr. R. T. Coady and son, Professor F. H. Wallace, Mr. T. and Mrs. Alexander MacGregor, Mr. T. E. Davis, Mr. C. N. Senkins, Toronto; Mr. P. W. Campbell, Niagara Falls; Mrs. A. J. Le L. A. Hare, Dr. Charles R. Cullinane and Mrs. Cullinane, Miss Boehmer, Mrs. W. J. Knowles, Miss Beatrice Knowles, Misses Sterling and Miss Blanch Humphrey, Buffalo; Rev. C. L. McVine, Jordan Station; Mr. G. Simmons, Miss A. Coleman, Mr. W. H. Ogg, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Stewart, children and maid, Mrs. F. Coglian, children and maid, Guelph; Rev. J. F. Goucher, D.D., Baltimore, Md.; Mr. A. J. Ross and son, Misses Boehmer, Berlin, Ont.; Mr. W. E. Preston, Brantford; Mr. H. MacKlem, Welland; Mr. W. Chaplin, St. Catharines; Mr. Arthur Wood, Ottawa; Mr. Wm. J. Lee and Mrs. Lee, Hagersville.

Among the guests at the Queen's Royal are: Miss Welsh, Miss Mildred Welsh, Miss Gladys A. Davis, Mr. George A. Davis, Mr. John Miln, Jr., Mr. P. J. Kiely, Miss Craig, Mr. Pratt, Mr. W. K. Bothwell, Mr. J. J. Mills, Mr. J. Keith Fisher, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. L. Orendorf, Mr. Jack Bigley, Mr. H. McConnell, Mr. Henry Lloyd, Mr. G. L. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wilks, Mrs. P. O. Hensley, Mrs. J. C. Porterfield, Mr. J. W. Anderson, Mr. H. H. Coldham, Miss Pearl G. Cable, Mrs. W. W. Gilbert, Miss Annie R. Gilbert, Mrs. H. Wetter, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burnett, Mr. Edward Gurney, Mr. W. C. Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Nabon, Mr. Dorothy G. Henderson, John Neff Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Read, Miss Gracey, Miss Trudeau, Miss Christie, Miss E. Helliwell, Mrs. Chester Glass, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Nash, Mr. George H. Kenny, Jr., Mr. Edward K. Kennedy, Miss Grace Donovan, Mr. R. C. Moody, Mrs. R. C. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Jones, Mr. John O. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. W. Philp, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCammon, Mrs. H. A. Francis, and daughters, Mr. Augustus N. Strong, Mr. H. Sawyer, Mr. E. Starrit, Mr. Frank D. Mathews, Mr. J. M. Handcock, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Davidson, Mr. J. H. Schermerhorn, Mrs. W. H. Luce, Miss C. Luce, Mr. E. E. Jordan, Mr. J. W. MacKenzie, Miss Jean Graham, Dr. J. B. Gullen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Howard Shaver, Mr. E. Strachan, Cox, Miss Evelyn Cox, Mr. G. B. McCalla, Miss M. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. S. Cottle, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Goodman, Colonel and Mrs. Goodman, Mr. G. G. Folks, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Mr. D. S. Barclay, Mr. W. C. Barclay, Mrs. O'Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. N. McLaughlin, Mr. J. Fitzpatrick, Miss Wray, Mr. E. F. Gregory, Mr. D. T. Lowes, Miss Lowes, Mrs. W. Whaley, Mr. P. P. Pratt, Mr. Frederick L. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, Mr. O. M. Dill, Mrs. O. M. Dill, Mr. E. W. Taylor, Miss Amy Taylor, Miss Mary Calloway, Mr. C. W. Roe, Mr. J. T. Small, Mr. M. M. Green, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Stewart, Miss Johnson, Mr. C. C. Yeagh, Mr. J. B. Richards, Mr. P. E. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McDougall, Mr. J. L. Waller, Mr. H. E. Larkins, Mr. George A. Begy, Mr. E. Bishop, Mr. E. Bisset, Mr. H. F. Sexton, Mr. Thomas P. Galah, Mr. A. Dougherty, Mr. H. W. Garfield, Mr. W. F. McNamara, Mr. and Mrs. Standen, Mr. R. W. Hees, Mr. G. H. Gooderham, Mr. Stephen Bass, Dr. Mrs. J. N. E. Gerald, Miss Cuddabeck, Mrs. Arthur Schoellkopf, Miss Beatrice Schoellkopf, Julia Schwill, Mr. Paul Schoellkopf, Mrs. Bessie Gluck, Miss M. Derry, H. Isaacs, Miss Krakowski, Miss Hall, Mrs. Gaw, Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, Mr. M. Tow.

Mrs. J. Townsend Sheridan, of 106 Avenue road, is having her home decorated by the United Arts and Crafts.

Pure English.
A lecturer, who had a very fine lecture on "The Decadence of Pure English," gave his address before a woman's club.
At the close of the talk a very much

Automobile Records

The results of Saturday's Races justify our contention that we handle only cars of proved worth



THE marvellous record made by the "Ford" in the fourth race in Toronto's great Auto Races on Saturday, Aug. 6th, against cars of twice its price was the feature of the day, apart from Barney Oldfield's sensational run.

It demonstrated in a forcible way to the great audience present that the Ford has positively no equal at twice its cost. The perfect working of the opposed cylinder engines, over a track unusually rough, proved the stability of the Ford as a superior touring car.

The "Ford" used was an ordinary two-cylinder stock car which sells at \$1,100 and was entered in the \$2,100 class. Here is the detailed result of the fourth race. It speaks for itself:—1st—A. M. Thompson's "Ford"; 2nd—W. A. Kemp's Auto Car; 3rd—A. E. Rea in two-cylinder "Rambler"; 4th—C. S. Murray in two-cylinder "Yale."

Remember we are also sole Canadian agents for the Peerless, Thomas and Auto Car. Barney Oldfield, the great champion, uses a Peerless Racer.

Notice the sixth race with the four-cylinder Peerless first and the three-cylinder Thomas in second place. The two four-cylinder Wintons ran third and fourth respectively. The time made by the Peerless was close to that made by Barney Oldfield's racer and the Thomas was a dangerous second. Notice the third race with the Auto Car first, and the fifth with the Thomas first.

First race, 2 miles, motor cycles—
1. Maddigan; 2. Woolson. Time 4.07.
Second race, 2 miles, cars selling for \$900 and under—1. Wm. Hyslop; 2. A. W. Galbraith, Northern; 3. A. E. Chatterton, Rambler. Time 6.34.
Third race, 2 miles, cars selling for \$1,100 and under—1. W. A. Kemp, Auto Car; 2. C. B. Short, Ford; 3. Cadillac. Time 4.24. Two seconds between first and second.
Fourth race, 2 miles, cars selling for \$2,100 and under—1. A. M. Thompson, Ford; 2. W. A. Kemp, Auto Car; 3. A. E. Rea, two-cylinder Rambler; 4. Charles Murray, Yale. Time 4.13.
Fifth race, 2 miles, cars selling for \$3,000 and under—1. B. Short, Thomas; 2. W. C. Grant, Rambler; 3. J. W. McCollum, White. Time 3.36.

In these races we have demonstrated again that the cars we alone sell in Canada are positively the best cars made in America. Write for Catalogues. Demonstrations cheerfully given.

Three mile exhibition—Champion Barney Oldfield on Peerless racer—Time, 1st mile 1.20; 2nd mile 1.18; 3rd mile 1.19 2-5, being 3.57 2-5, said to be a world record for 3 mile distance on a half-mile track.
Sixth race, 2 miles, cars selling for \$7,000 and under—1. F. W. Baillie, Peerless; 2. F. Thomas, in Thomas; 3. R. Chatterton in 4-cylinder Winton; 4. G. Gooderham in 4-cylinder Winton.
Seventh race, open to all previous contestants with gasoline cars, loading and unloading passengers at the wire—1. W. C. Grant, Rambler; 2. W. A. Kemp's car won this race, but his man jumped out before reaching the line and was disqualified. The Ford did not start in this race.
Five mile exhibition—Oldfield in his Peerless racer, ran 5 miles in 6 minutes 54 4-5 seconds.

Automobile Corner

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited
Bay and Temperance Streets TORONTO

overdressed woman of the "fuss and feathers" type came up to him and said: "I did enjoy your talk ever and ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is becoming awfully. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and the land only knows what the next generation will talk like if nothing ain't done about it."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births
Baker—On July 29th, at Grace Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Baker, a son, Andrew—Aug. 8, Oakville, Mrs. George Chubb, a daughter.
Chubb—Aug. 8, Toronto, Mrs. John Arnold Chubb, a daughter.
Hunter—Aug. 7, Newmarket, Mrs. B. Walter Hunter, a son.
Patriarche—Aug. 8, Mrs. P. H. Patriarche, a daughter.
Scott—Aug. 8, Orillia, Mrs. John Scott, a daughter.

Marriages
Gunn—On August 9th, Florence G., daughter of Hon. George W. Ross, to E. Ernest Gunn of Beaverton.
Birkett—Gallagher—Aug. 9, Toronto, Henrietta Gallagher to Thomas Birkett, M.P.
Cooper—Parham—Aug. 9, Toronto, Catherine Roper Parham to Gordon S. Cooper.
Embury—Williams—Aug. 10, Barrie, Dora Agnes Williams to J. F. L. Embury.
Perryderry—Mann—At Fairview, Brantford, Laura M. Mann to Edward Blake Perryderry.
Wells—Teavoy—Aug. 10, Toronto, Jessie Teavoy to Harry Wells.

Deaths
Alkins—Aug. 8, Toronto, the Honorable James Cox Alkins, P.C. L.L.D., Senator and ex-Lieutenant-Governor Manitoba, aged 51 years.
Bell—Aug. 8, Toronto, Catherine McRae

The Marshall
Thousands of Delighted users testify as to its Comfortable, Healthy and Durable qualities.
It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

Sanitary Mattress.

Toronto. London. Chicago.
Bell—Aug. 10, Streetsville, Elizabeth Mann—Aug. 10, Toronto, Mary Morison—Aug. 8, Toronto, Sarah Foreman Nixon, aged 83 years.
Richey—Aug. 8, Lorne Park, Catharine Johnston Richey.
Stewart—Aug. 9, Toronto, J. H. Stewart, Thoburn—Aug. 8, Almonte, Margaret Lyons Thoburn.
Van Dusen—Aug. 10, Tara, William Ainsley Van Dusen.

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